THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.
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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1864.

{ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER [illegible]

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TERMS.—Our terms are the same as those for that well known weekly paper THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last seventeen years—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $2; Two copies, $3; Four copies, $6; Eight copies (and one gratis), $12; Twenty (and one gratis), $28. One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE POST, $3.

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☞ Specimen numbers will be sent gratuitously (when written for) to those desirous of procuring subscribers.

☞ Editors inserting the above will be entitled to an exchange.

☞ Prejudices are like rats, and a man's mind like a trap; they get in easily, and then perhaps can't get out at all.

☞ A new sign for a tavern has recently been invented—Dewdrop Inn (do-drop in.)

"SHALL I SEE MY BOY AGAIN?"

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MARY E. [illegible]

A soldier of the Army of the Potomac was dying of fever, and being informed by his chaplain that he had but a few hours to live, he raised his homesick eyes with a world of tenderness in their shadowy depths, to the chaplain's face, asking, sadly, "And never see my little boy again?" But that little boy has a precious legacy—a soldier father's blessing.

Must die so soon, and never meet
The foe upon the field,
Nor teach the traitor hearts the truth
That freemen cannot yield!
Must die and never hear again
The ringing battle-cry,
And while my comrades gird theirs on,
Must lay my armor by!

Must die so soon? ah, far away
By blue Ohio's shore,
A little group waits patiently
'Till this sad war is o'er;
A little face is often pressed
Against the window pane,—
Oh, chaplain, only tell me this:
Shall I see my boy again?

Must never press close to my heart
The rings of shining hair,
Or listen to my bright-eyed child
Whisper his evening prayer?
Shall never hear his bounding step
Across the cottage floor?
It were not hard to die, chaplain,
Could I see my boy once more.

When Morning broke with solemn tread,
On old Potomac's banks,
His comrades laid the soldier down—
Discharged from the ranks;
But many a day o'er western hills,
By blue Ohio's shore,
A little boy will patient wait,
When this sad war is o'er.

CITY WATCHMEN OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Of the city watch as it was in Queen Elizabeth's time, we can form a tolerable notion from the pictures of the London watchmen which have come down to us, and from the portraitures of honest Dogberry, in Shakspeare, making a due allowance for a spice of exaggeration in the poet. The watchmen entered on their duties soon after sunset; they carried lanterns and clubs, or staves, and pole-axes of a rather formidable description, and they would seem to have had authority to take into custody any suspicious-looking person, irrespective of his committing an offence against the laws. One commission they were charged with, which would astonish the citizens of London in the present day: they were to apprehend and convey to the guardhouse any person making a sudden noise in the streets after nine o'clock; such a law enforced at a later hour in the present day, would deliver the sleepy citizens from a constant plague, and save much suffering inflicted on the sick and dying by midnight brawlers and drunkards, with whom our police seldom intermeddle.

We are justified in concluding that the city watch must have fallen into contempt by Shakspeare's time, and that it had the reputation at least of that degree of sagacity and intelligence which he has immortalized in the character of Dogberry, that delightfullest of boobies in office; who charges his subordinate numbskulls to "comprehend all vagrom men;" who does not see "that sleeping can offend" in a watchman at his post; and who is convinced that a watchman "ought to offend no man by slaying him against his will." Whether the cogent satire of the poet had any effect in producing a better state of things it is now too late to ascertain.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYATT," "SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR," "THE MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART XVII.

GOING DOWN TO THE FUNERAL.

The commotion in the town arose that morning to its height; it equalled the commotion at Miss Davenal's breakfast-table. But not from the same exciting cause. The one was led to by the curious absence of Dr. Davenal; he other had its source in the death of Lady Oswald.

She had lived so long among them; had been, so to say, the head of the social and visiting community of Hallingham! A great lady once, the Lady Oswald of Thorndyke. Had she died in the common course of nature, after weeks or months of illness, it would still have created a stir; but to have died from the inhaling of chloroform consequent upon the railway accident, did cause very great and unwonted excitement. People were shocked at her death; they mourned for the somewhat eccentric old lady who had been seen driven through their streets in her close carriage for years; but they never cast so much as a shadow of reproach towards the doctors who might be said to be, however unwittingly, the authors of it. They railed at the chloroform, calling it uncertain, dangerous stuff; but not the slightest reflection was thrown on the judgment which had caused her to inhale it.

Mark Cray was beset with questions and remarks, especially from his medical brethren in the town. In Dr. Davenal's absence people flew to him for particulars. He remembered the doctor's caution, and said as little as possible. It was an unpleasant subject to speak of, he observed to them, they could understand that. But the curious questioners only understood it partially, and rather wondered why Mr. Cray should be so chary of his information.

The inquest took place on the Tuesday—as Dr. Davenal had surmised it would. It was held quite as a matter of course; not with a view to elicit the cause of death, that was already known; simply because the laws rendered an inquest obligatory.

The doctor was not back for it, and Mr. Cray was the principal witness. The operation had been most satisfactorily performed by Dr. Davenal, he testified, but Lady Oswald did not rally from the effects of the chloroform. They had tried every means to arouse her without result. The coroner presumed the chloroform had been administered with all due caution; he felt persuaded it would be by so experienced a surgeon as Dr. Davenal. Certainly, was the answer of Mark Cray. It was given her with the best of motives; to spare her acute suffering; and no one could more bitterly regret the result than they did. It was impossible to foresee, he continued, that this great blessing—yes, he must still call it so—to suffering humanity, which had spared anguish to thousands, perhaps he might say had spared lives, would have an opposite effect upon Lady Oswald, and bring death to her instead of relief. He had never for one moment in his own judgment doubted the expediency of giving it to her; were the thing to come over again (the result being hidden from him) he should do the same.

Not a word that Mark Cray said but had its weight, and was appreciated. The death was regarded as a pure misfortune, a sort of accident that could not be prevented by poor human foresight, and for which blame was attachable to no one: and the verdict was in accordance with this.

The only one on whom the facts were yet destined to make an unpleasant and not satisfactory impression, was Mr. Oswald Cray. The first intimation of Lady Oswald's death reached him through the Times newspaper. As junior in the firm, he lived in the house in Parliament Street, the senior partners preferring residences out of town. The chief part of the house was devoted to their business purposes, and Mr. Oswald Cray had but two or three rooms for his private use. On the Thursday morning, the Times was brought to him as usual while he was at breakfast. It was folded with the supplement outside, the deaths uppermost; and on putting it aside to open the Times, his eye caught the word Oswald.

He looked further: and nothing could exceed his surprise. He gazed at the announcement with a feeling of disbelief almost as though he was in a dream. "At her residence in Hallingham, Susan Hannah, Lady Oswald, aged seventy-one, widow of Sir John Oswald, of Thorndyke."

The date of her death, probably by an oversight, had not been put in, and Oswald Cray was left to conjecture it. Certainly he did not suppose it had occurred so far back as on the previous Sunday, the day after he left Hallingham.

What had killed her? The accident? He had been given to understand that night, that she was not materially injured: he now supposed she must have been. Why had nobody written to acquaint him? He would have been glad to see her for a final farewell; would have thought nothing of his time and trouble in going down for it. Mark might have written: he could not remember having corresponded with Mark in all his life, half-brothers though they were; but still Mark might have gone out of his way to drop him a line now. Parkins might have written; in fact he considered it was Parkins's duty to have written, and he should tell her so: and Dr. Davenal might have written. Of the three mentioned, Oswald Cray would [illegible] have expected the doctor to write, [illegible] as being somewhat singular.

The post brought news. Amidst the [illegible] of letters that came for him [illegible] He saw the Hallingham post-mark and opened it at once.

A look of blank disappointment, mingled with surprise, settled on his face as he read. It was not from Dr. Davenal, from Mark Cray, or from Parkins; it gave him no details, any more than if he had been the greatest stranger to Lady Oswald. It was a formal intimation from the undertaker that her late ladyship's funeral would take place on Friday at eleven o'clock, and requesting his attendance at it, if convenient.

"Her funeral to-morrow!" ejaculated Oswald. "Then she must have died almost immediately. Perhaps the very night I came up. Why couldn't somebody write?"

He arranged business matters so as to go down that afternoon, and arrived at Hallingham between six and seven o'clock. Giving his portmanteau to a porter, he went on to his usual place of sojourn, the "Apple Tree." It was near to the terminus, a little beyond the town, out of the quiet [illegible] nearly [illegible]. An old-fashioned, plain, roomy house, whose swinging sign-board stood out before its door, and whose productive garden of vegetables and fruit stretched out behind it. No fashionable person would look at it twice. Oswald Cray had been recommended to it long ago as his place of sojourn in Hallingham, where his stay seldom lasted more than two days: and he had found himself so comfortable, so quiet, so entirely at home, that he would not have exchanged it for the grandest hotel in Hallingham, had the said hotel graciously intimated that it would receive him for nothing.

The host, whose name was John Hamos, came forward to receive him: a respectable, worthy man, with a portly person and red face, who might be seen occasionally in a white apron washing up glasses, and who waited on his guests himself. He and Oswald were the best of friends.

"Good-evening, sir. My wife said you'd be down to-night or in the morning. We were sure you'd be at the burying. A sad thing, sir, is it not?"

"It is a very sad thing, John," returned Oswald. "I seem as if I could not believe it. It was only this morning that I received the tidings. What did she die of? The accident to the train?"

"No, sir, she didn't die of that. Leastways, that was not the immediate cause of death, though of course it must be said to have had led to it. She died from chloroform."

"Died from—what did you say?" asked Oswald, staring at the man.

"From chloroform, sir."

"From chloroform!" he repeated. "I don't understand."

And he looked as if he did not. As if it were impossible to take in the words or their sense John Hamos continued.

"It seems, sir, that on the Sunday it was discovered that her ladyship had sustained some internal injury—to the ribs, I believe, or near-abouts,—and she had to submit to an operation. Chloroform was given her while it was performed, and she never rallied from it."

"Who gave her the chloroform?"

"Dr. Davenal."

"Dr. Davenal!" echoed Mr. Oswald Cray, and his accent of astonishment was so great, so unmistakable, that the landlord looked at him in surprise. "Why, he—he—"

"What, sir?"

Oswald had brought his words to a sudden stand-still. His face was one picture of doubt, of bewilderment.

"It could not have been Dr. Davenal."

"Yes it was, sir," repeated John Hamos. "Who else would be likely to undertake the operation but him? He and Mr. Cray were together, but it was the doctor who performed it. As of course it would be."

"But he did not give the chloroform?"

"Why, yes, he did, sir. He gave it for the best. As was said afterwards at the inquest, they could not possibly foresee that what saved pain and was a blessing to thousands, would prove fatal to her ladyship."

"Who said that at the inquest? Dr. Davenal?"

"Mr. Cray, sir. The doctor wasn't present at the inquest, he was away from the town. He went away in the night, somebody said, just after the death: was fetched out to some patient at a distance, and didn't get back here till—Wednesday morning, I think it was."

"And she never rallied from the chloroform?"

"Never at all, sir." [illegible] Oswald Cray [illegible] to the [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible]. But instead of [illegible] he [illegible] John Hamos's information [illegible].

"Why should it trouble him?" [illegible] he believe, as others did, that it was given in all due hope and confidence, according to the best judgment of the surgeons? [illegible] he could not believe it, so far as regarded the chief surgeon, Dr. Davenal, and the reason was this.

On the night of the accident, when Dr. Davenal jumped into the carriage that was about to proceed to the scene, he jumped into a seat by the side of Oswald Cray. They entered into conversation, and the topic of it was, not unnaturally, accidents in general. It led to the subject of chloroform, and Dr. Davenal expressed his opinion upon that new-fashioned aid to science, just as freely as he afterwards expressed it to Mark Cray.

How strange are the incidents, the small events that shape the course of human destiny! But for that accidental conversation—and may it not be called accidental?—half the trouble that is about to be related never would have taken place. And the cruel shadow that was waiting to spread its wings over the days of more than one wayfarer on the path of life would have found no spot to darken with its evil.

Dr. Davenal spoke his opinion freely to Oswald Cray with regard to chloroform. He did not deny its great boon, sparing pain to many whose sufferings would otherwise be almost intolerable; but he said that there were some, a few, to whom he would as soon give poison to take as chloroform to inhale, for the one would be just as fatal as the other. And he instanced Lady Oswald.

The unfortunate fact of her being in the disabled train to which they were hastening, possibly one of its wounded, no doubt suggested her name to Dr. Davenal as his example. There were other people whom he attended—a few—to whom he deemed chloroform would be as pernicious as to Lady Oswald; but she was in question, as it were, that night, and he cited her. There must have been some fatality in it.

"She is one, if I am any judge, who could not bear it; who would be almost certain not to survive its effects," were the words he used to Oswald. "I would as soon give Lady Oswald a dose of poison, as suffer her to come near chloroform."

The words, spoken to Oswald only, not to the other inmates of the carriage who were busy talking on their own score, had not made any particular impression upon him at the time, but they returned to his memory now with awakened force. He asked himself what it could mean. Dr. Davenal had distinctly told him, or equivalent to it, that the inhaling of chloroform would be as poison to Lady Oswald; he was now assured by John Hamos that, not four-and-twenty hours subsequent to that conversation, he, Dr. Davenal, had himself administered chloroform to her. And the result was death. Death—as Dr. Davenal had expressed his firm conviction it would be.

Mr. Oswald Cray could only come to the conclusion that there must be some mistake in the statement of the facts to him. It was impossible to arrive at any other conclusion. That there was no mistake on his own part, as to the opinion expressed to him by the doctor, he knew; he recalled the very words in which it was spoken; spoken deliberately and elaborately; not a mere allusion or sentence. In regard to that, there was no mistake; but he fancied he should find that there was, as to the chloroform having been given by Dr. Davenal: perhaps as to his having been present at the operation.

He quitted the Apple Tree, and bent his steps to Lady Oswald's. Parkins came to him in a burst of grief. Parkins was—it has been said so before—genuinely grieved at her lady's death, and it showed itself chiefly by breaking into a shower of tears with every fresh person she saw. One of the first questions put to her by Mr. Oswald Cray was as to her not having written to inform him of the death. He wished to know why she had not.

"I don't know why, sir," she sobbed, "except that I have been bewildered ever since it happened. I have been as one out of my mind, sir, with the shock and the grief. I'm sure I beg your pardon for the neglect, but it never so much as struck me till yesterday, when the undertaker was here about the funeral. He asked who was to be invited to it, and then it came into my

[illegible] Mr. Cray came home with her here when she was brought up from Hildon; but I dare my [illegible] remember that, for you were at the student with her. He wanted to examine into their state then, but she was very obstinate, still persisted in saying she'd not be touched that night: that she wasn't hurt. I fancy Dr. Davenal thought it was wrong of Mr. Cray not to have insisted upon it—but Mr. Cray himself did not think there was any grave injury: he told me so then. The next morning I thought they'd both be here, Dr. Davenal and Mr. Cray; but Mr. Cray came alone, the doctor is supposed had been sent for to Thorndyke—"

"To Thorndyke!" involuntarily interrupted Oswald.

"Yes, sir, somebody was ill there. However, he, the doctor, was back and up here in the afternoon. He had seen Mr. Cray, and he came to examine into her state for himself for it had been discovered then that she was worse injured than they thought. At first my lady said she'd not submit to the operation, which Mr. Cray had already told her must take place; but Dr. Davenal talked to her, and she consented, and they fixed half-past five in the afternoon. Have you heard how she died, sir?" broke off Parkins abruptly.

"I have heard since I got here this evening that she died from the effects of chloroform."

"And so she did, sir. And it's a thing that I shall never understand to my dying day."

Parkins spoke the last words with a vehemence that superseded the sobs. Mr. Oswald Cray thought he did not understand it either; but he did not say so.

"In what way don't you understand it?" he asked quietly.

"How it was they came to give her the chloroform. I am quite certain, sir, that up to the very moment that the operation was ready to be begun, there was no thought of chloroform. It was not as much as mentioned, and if any chloroform had been in the room amidst the preparations, I must have seen it."

"Were you present during the operation?"

"I was to have been present, sir; but at the last moment I fainted dead off, and had to be taken from the room. We knew no more, any of us, till it was all over. Then we were called to by the gentlemen, and told what was the matter: that my lady was sinking under the influence of the chloroform they had administered, and could not be rallied from it. And, a few minutes after, she died."

Oswald Cray remained for some moments silent.

"Was it Dr. Davenal who administered it?" he resumed at length.

"No doubt it was, sir; they were together. It was Dr. Davenal who performed the operation. My lady said nobody should do it but Mr. Cray, and it was settled that it should be done by him; but I suppose they thought at last it would be better to entrust it to the doctor. Any way, it was he who performed it."

"What did Dr. Davenal—did Dr. Davenal say anything about the chloroform afterwards, or why they had used it?"

"He didn't say much, sir. He said what had been done was done for the best: but he seemed dreadfully cut up. And so did Mr. Cray. The strangest thing to me is, why they used chloroform, when I saw no signs of their attempting to use it."

"But they must have had it with them?"

"Well, of course they must, sir. It was not produced, though, while I was there. They said my lady grew agitated—it was Mr. Cray said that—that my falling down helped to agitate her; but it will take a good deal to make me believe there was any need for them to use chloroform. It has sent a good lady her life; I know that. She had her little tempers and her fidgety ways, poor dear lady, but she was one of the best of mistresses. It's just as if they had done it to kill her."

Did the words grate on the ear of Oswald Cray?—as though they have all too significant a meaning? Not yet; not quite yet. The testimony of the maid's had confirmed beyond doubt that Dr. Davenal had been the chief and acting surgeon: how then reconcile that fact with the opinion expressed to him, not many hours before the death? He could not tell; he could not think; he could not account for it by any reasoning of his own. Had he, if he had been at liberty to act, had he, if he had been at the Hildon, [illegible] anything [illegible] differently?

When he quitted the house, he turned again and bent his steps to the vicarage. Perhaps he thought Mark could solve the perplexities. Mark was not in, however, when he got there, only Caroline.

Mrs. Cray was in the large drawing-room. She said the tea-table, at which she sat waiting for Mark, looked quite lost in its space. The thought struck Oswald as he entered. It had been the home of his early childhood, the scene of occasional visits since that period, but Oswald always thought that room larger and larger every time he entered it. It was at its window that he, a baby in arms, had been held by the side of his mother, when the grand people from Thorndyke in their carriage and four, her father and mother, would drive past and cast up their faces of stone. He had been too young to know anything then, but afterwards, when he could begin to understand, those stories of the passing by of Sir Oswald Oswald were impressed upon him by his nurse. They remained amidst his most vivid recollections. But that he knew it was impossible to have been so—for his mother had died when he was too young, and there was no more standing there after her death to watch for Sir Oswald—he could have affirmed now that he remembered those times in all their full detail: the steady pace of the fine horses, the bedizzened carriage—in those days it was the fashion to have carriages bedizzened—the servants in their claret liveries, the impassive faces of Sir Oswald and his lady. The fact was, it had all been described so often and minutely to the young child Oswald, that it remained on his memory as a thing seen, not heard.

Mrs. Cray, gay in attire, wearied in countenance, was quite alone. She wore a low evening dress of blue silk, with lace and fringes and trimmings; and blue ribbons in her hair. Rather more dress than is necessary for a quiet evening at home; but she was young and pretty and a bride, and—very fond of finery in any shape. Her weary face lighted up with smiles as she saw Oswald and rose to greet him: very, very pretty did she look then.

"I am so glad to see you! I had grown tired waiting for Mark. He went out the moment he had swallowed his dinner—before he had swallowed it, I think—and he is not in yet. Shall I tell you a secret, Oswald?"

"Yes, if you please."

"I am quite disappointed. I shan't at all like being a doctor's wife."

Her dark blue eyes were dancing with smiles as she spoke. Oswald smiled too: at the joke.

"It is true, Mr. Oswald Cray. I don't speak against my own dear Mark: I'd not part with *him*: but I do wish he was not a doctor. You don't know how little I see of him. He is in just at meals, and not always to them."

Oswald smiled still. "You had lived in a doctor's house, Mrs. Cray, and knew the routine of it."

"My uncle's house was not like this. Who can compare the great Dr. Davenal at the top of the tree, waiting at home for his patients to come to him, to poor Mark Cray at the bottom, just beginning to climb it? Things are different with them, Mr. Oswald. Mark has to be out, here and there and everywhere. At the infirmary, dancing attendance on interminable rows of beds one hour; in some obscure corner of the town another, setting somebody's leg or watching a case of fever. Mark says it won't go on quite as bad as it has begun. This has been an unusually busy week with him, owing to the doctor's absence. He left home on Sunday night, and was not back until Wednesday. A great portion of Sunday also he passed at Thorndyke."

"His patient must have been very ill to keep him away from Sunday until Wednesday," remarked Oswald.

"To tell you the truth," said Caroline, dropping her voice in a manner that sounded rather mysterious, "we don't think he was with a patient. We can't quite make out why he went or where he went. He came here in the middle of the night, and rang up Mark. It was the night subsequent to Lady Oswald's death—oh, Oswald! was not her death a shocking thing?"

"Very," was the answer, gravely spoken.

"When Mark came home that Sunday evening and told me Lady Oswald was dead, I cannot describe to you how I felt. At first I could not believe it; and then I went—I went into hysterics. It was very foolish of course, for hysterics do no good, but I could not help it. You have come down to attend the funeral to-morrow, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Well—I was telling you about my uncle. He came here in the middle of the night and rang up Mark, who went down to him. When Mark came up stairs again he said Dr. Davenal was going away on some private errand which he had made a sort of secret of to Mark. I fancy Mark was only half awake and did not hear him clearly: all he understood was, that the doctor was going somewhere by train unexpectedly; that Mark was to let it be assumed in the town that he was visiting a patient at a distance. Mark declared that he believed the doctor was fairly startled himself to avoid mentioning the necessity himself."

"Why should Mark think [illegible] Why should Dr. Davenal wish to avoid mentioning it?" interrupted Oswald, strangely interested, he scarcely knew why.

"I cannot tell you. I fancy the idea slipped from Mark inadvertently, for he would not say a syllable more. The next day, Monday, I saw him. I asked his point blank where my uncle had gone, for something in Mark's manner seemed to me some little mystery connected with it, and she turned as white as death and whispered to me not to talk to, to hold my tongue for the love of Heaven. You'll take some too, won't you, Oswald? I shall be so glad of an excuse for making it."

Oswald, almost mechanically, said he would take some, and she rang the bell for the urn. He began to think all this strange and more strange: to ask himself what it tended to. Dr. Davenal had gone away to avoid the inquest!—and his daughter when spoken to upon the subject had turned as white as the grave? What did it mean?

"Do you know the particulars of Lady Oswald's death?" he inquired as he stirred his tea.

"Yes. Don't you? She died from chloroform. They deemed it necessary to give it her, and she never rallied from it."

"Who gave it to her? Which of them?"

"Which of them?" repeated Caroline, lifting her eyes, thinking no doubt the question a superfluous one. "They went both present, they would act in concert, one with the other. If you mean to cast blame on them, Oswald, I should say you must cast it conjointly. But they acted for the best."

"I do not cast blame on them," he answered. "I don't understand the affair sufficiently yet to cast blame anywhere. It is a riddle to me."

"What is a riddle?"

"How Dr.—how they came to use chloroform at all."

"Why! it is in almost universal use now!" exclaimed Mrs. Cray, surprised at the remark. "There is no riddle in that."

Oswald did not press it. In his opinion there was a riddle; one he began to think would not be easy of solution. He finished his tea in silence. By-and-by Mrs. Cray resumed.

"Mark seems not to like to talk of it. I asked him a great many questions, as was natural, but he put me off, saying I should be falling into hysterics again. I told him that was nonsense, now the shock was over; but he would not talk of it, seemed quite to wince when I pressed it. It was not a pleasant subject for him, he said. And of course it is not: and still less so for my uncle, whose authority sways Mark. However good their intentions were, it did kill her."

"Will Mark be long, do you suppose?" inquired Oswald, breaking another long pause.

"As if I could tell, Oswald! I have been expecting him every minute this hour past. When I grumble at Mark for staying out so, he tells me I must blame his patients. Nay, but you are not going yet!" she added as he rose. "Mark is sure to be in soon."

"I cannot well stay longer now," he answered. "I shall see Mark in the morning. I suppose he attends the funeral?"

"Of course he will. They will both attend it. I wish you would not hurry away!"

He repeated his apology and Caroline rang the bell. In point of fact he wanted to call on Dr. Davenal.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A Chicago girl, tired of waiting for the young men who don't "propose"—probably on account of the expense, or the preponderance of the girls since the war broke out—takes advantage of the season, and speaks out boldly in her own name in the "Wants" column of the Chicago Tribune, as follows: "This is leap year. I'll wait no longer. So here I am, twenty-one years of age, prepossessing, medium size, healthy, educated, prudent, large sparkling eyes, long black flowing hair, and as full of fun as a chestnut is full of meat, born to make some man happy, and want a home. Does anybody want me?"

☞ There is great excitement in Michigan over the discovery of silver near Lake Superior. The Detroit Free Press says speculation has already commenced. Men who have taken land at one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre are selling out at advances of thousands of dollars upon the original cost of their tracts. One tract has been sold for six thousand dollars; the owner bought it a few weeks ago from government for two hundred dollars. The specimens of ore contain liberal quantities of lead and silver.

☞ Mr. Charles W. March, a gentleman favorably known in literary circles, died at Alexandria, Egypt, on the 24th of January, aged forty-seven years. Mr. March recently inherited a large fortune, and had undertaken an extended tour abroad, when he was suddenly prostrated by an attack of typhoid fever.

☞ The Chicago Tribune records the salutary fact that a man named Hannaway and a German girl usually called "Fanny Mary," on last Tuesday night, danced, on a wager of course, from half-past ten in the evening till half-past seven in the morning, without ceasing. The dance ended in a victory for the *frau*.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1864.

☞ Rejected Communications.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Our Sewing-Machine Premium.

In answer to various letters, we would repeat that as to our clubs generally, they can be made up of either periodical, or of both, as suits the members. And, if the getter-up of a club for THE POST prefers the Magazine as a Premium, he can have it; while THE POST will be sent as a Premium for the Magazine clubs, if desired.

The Sewing-Machine Premium, it will be seen, applies to both periodicals; as well as to mixed clubs made up of the magazine and the paper. This is a splendid premium, and we are glad to see that numbers design availing themselves of it. These machines cannot be bought for less than the price we mention, FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

PHRENOLOGY.

The great point in which the phrenologists fail, it has always seemed to us, is simply this:—They can determine by outward examination the size of the head, and approximate to that of the brain, but they cannot determine, except through mere inference, the quality and density of the latter.

Their rule is probably a correct one—that, everything else being equal, size is the measure of power. But how can you determine, by feeling any man's head, whether his brain is equal in the respects of fineness and closeness of texture to any other man's?

Lord Byron, for instance, displayed in his poetry in a prominent degree, that peculiar quality which we call force or power. And yet his head is reported to have been below the average of those of educated men in size. But when he died, his brain was weighed, and it is said to have weighed 62 ounces. Now, if the average male brain weighs only 45 ounces, as we see it stated, then Lord Byron's brain must have been of wonderful fineness and closeness of texture.

Thus a man whose head is much larger than Byron's was, might have a brain which would weigh only two-thirds as much.

In reference to the death of Thackeray, the following statements have been made by the "Inverness Courier"—we know not on how good authority:

The average weight of the human brain is 46 ounces in the male, and 44 ounces in the female. In most instances, however, when the individual has been distinguished by great mental power, it has been found to rise much above the numbers given. The brain of Cuvier weighed 64 ounces, Dr. Alexander Crombie's 63 ounces, Lord Byron's 62 ounces, and Mr. Thackeray's 58½ ounces. In contradistinction to these may be placed the brain of an idiot, given by Doctor Todd, weighing 16½ ounces, and the still more remarkable one described last year by Mr. Gore, barely reaching 10 ounces 2 grains. Amongst these unfortunate individuals, it is true, large heads are often met with, but in such cases the fine filaments and delicate chambers of the brain have been injured by disease, and they are thus, from many of its parts failing to act, or not acting in harmony, converted into beings who live a mere vegetative existence, are guided by dangerous impulses, but still more frequently by the gentler instincts.

It will be noticed that according to the above, "large heads" are often met with even amongst idiots—and, on the theory that has been given, there is nothing unreasonable in such being the case.

The phrenologists probably have thus been theoretically right in making size or quantity the measure of power, everything else being equal—but their error has been in attempting to put their theory to practical uses, as if brain was brain, and fibre fibre, the same article precisely in one man as in another.

WEAKLY CHILDREN OFTEN MAKE STRONG MEN.—The chief characteristic of Dr. Lyman Beecher appears to have been strength—a rather rugged strength and consequent force both of body and mind; and yet we read as follows in his autobiography, recently published:—

Dr. Beecher's mother was tall, well-proportioned, dignified in her movements, fair to look upon, intelligent in conversation and in character lovely.

I was her only child. She died of consumption two days after I was born. I was a seven months' child; and when the women that attended on her saw what a puny thing I was, and that the mother could not live, she thought it useless to attempt to keep me alive. I was actually wrapped up and laid aside. But, after a while, one of the women thought she would look and see if I was living, and, finding I was, concluded to wash and dress me, saying, "It's a pity he hadn't died with his mother."

And yet this weak and puny child of a consumptive mother, lived to exercise through himself and his children, no inconsiderable degree of influence on the destinies of his country.

[illegible] Professor Pennypacker, A. M., formerly of Dickinson College, Carlisle, now at the University of Pennsylvania, that all county in this city. He was well known in the church and general readers [illegible] He was an Indian by birth, and of an [illegible] family.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LAWS AND PRINCIPLES OF WHIST Stated and Explained, and Its Practice Illustrated on an Original System, by means of hands played completely through. By CAVENDISH. Fifth Edition. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and for sale by Ashmead & Evans, Philadelphia.

REPORT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL FOR 1863. By Dr. KIRKBRIDE, Superintendent.

TALES FROM THE OPERAS. Edited by GEORGE FREDERICK PARDON, author of "Faces in the Fire," &c. This book contains the stories in full, on which many of the most popular operas are founded. Among the personages of whom the public will be glad to hear in detail are "Don Giovanni," "Robert le Diable," "Rigoletto," "Martha," &c. The reader's appreciation of those popular operas on the stage cannot but be heightened by a perusal of Mr. Pardon's volume. Published by G. W. Carlton, New York, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Phila.

HUNT'S GAZETTEER OF THE BORDER AND SOUTHERN STATES. A Hand-Book and Reliable Guide for the Soldiers. By R. H. LONG, late of the U. S. Army. Published by John P. Hunt, Pittsburg, Pa.

SLANDERED ANIMALS.

The Toad.

Despite the "precious jewel in its head," we cannot deny that the toad is a most unsightly animal. Shakespeare, however, fell into a popular error in calling it venomous. Being without teeth in the upper jaw, it is incapable of biting, and that it spits poison is an erroneous idea. The toad, however, is seldom attacked by dogs or cats, on account of a viscid fluid secreted from the wart-like excrescences which cover its body, and which constitutes the toad's sole means of defence against many animals which would otherwise play with the poor creature and torture it, even if not inclined to devour it. Associated as it long has been with stories of witchcraft and evil deeds, we are apt to regard this harmless creature with feelings of aversion little deserved by it. Although, like all cold-blooded animals, the toad is possessed of a very small amount of intelligence, it may be easily familiarized and trained to know places. For the purpose of observing its habits, we once kept a large toad in a three-sided box, containing wet moss, and covered with glass. Every evening, although daily removed to a considerable distance from its box, our toad would regularly return at about the same hour to the home we had made for it. Of another toad we made quite an amusing pet, feeding it from our hand with flies, spiders, and beetles, which, after a little unwillingness at first, it learned to take without hesitation, darting out its extensible tongue with a rapidity our eye could scarcely follow, and swallowing cockchafers and other large beetles with evident relish. It was curious to see with what animation the usually dull toad would become enlivened at the sight of his insect prey. Our Batrachian friend is evidently possessed of more discernment than characterizes the fish, never being tempted by an artificial bait, however cunningly made. To test our strange pet's sagacity on this point, we tied an artificial beetle to a fine thread, drawing it along, as much as possible, in imitation of the insect's movements. Our friend, however, was not thus to be taken in by any attempt to deceive him, but evinced the utmost indifference to the sham beetle, a circumstance which suggests to us the possibility that this class of animals (*Batrachia*) may be capable of scenting their prey, a power, we imagine, not possessed by the fish, which is easily deceived by the carefully-imitated fly thrown to it by the angler. We had kept our favorite some months, when it fell a victim to the superstitious horror wherewith it was regarded by some Jews who kept the house at Brighton, whither we had taken our despised pet, in order to feed and protect it during our temporary absence from home. The enraged Israelites had often threatened to destroy the "*unclean beast*," and one morning we found the unfortunate toad dead in its basket, with the mark of a darning-needle which had been passed through a vital part of its body. There is an instance of a toad having been kept as a pet by a gentleman for thirty-six years; at the expiration of that period it was killed by an accident, to the great regret of its much-interested owner. We should tolerate the toad for the good service it does in our gardens and hot-beds, by feeding upon slugs and insects which devour our plants.

The Common Snake.

The common snake has a forked tongue, which it darts out in an offensive manner when alarmed or irritated. This fearful-looking tongue, however, is soft and flexible, and powerless to inflict the slightest injury. The snake is a timid creature, escaping rapidly at the sound of human footsteps, being, it seems, much more afraid of us than [illegible] with wonder by it. In [illegible] [illegible] friends, and even pastime [illegible] [illegible] which this year [illegible] [illegible] happens to be owned at the time [illegible] master's appearance. Upon [illegible] [illegible] master's beauty will not fall [illegible] us; its eyes are bright, its colors [illegible] and its form is slender and graceful. [illegible] useful too, in preventing the [illegible] crease of many animals, such as [illegible] mice, frogs, and some insects, which [illegible] should be overrun were it not for [illegible] destruction of their numbers by our [illegible] other animals which prey upon them. [illegible] snake does not lie underground in all [illegible] of Europe. In Sardinia, Lombardy [illegible] we, it is regarded as an animal of [illegible] omen, and in that country it is [illegible] unlucky to kill one. Some [illegible] that the snake is capable of [illegible] those persons who tame it. We are [illegible] however, from our own experience, [illegible] the possibility of its personal attachment, [illegible] allowing, at the same time, that it may [illegible] make very tame and familiar. We have [illegible] seen children twist these reptiles [illegible] their throats and wrists for mimic necklaces and bracelets, the little ones never [illegible] rienced the slightest injury from [illegible] strange playthings. We never, however, knew of an instance of one of these [illegible] showing recognition of persons, or any intelligence beyond that of knowing the hand and often returning, when disturbed, to a comfortable nest prepared for it. We knew a lady who kept a young snake in a [illegible] box for a considerable time. We have written this brief account of the snake [illegible] the intention of imparting any information as to its history, than with the hope, if possible, of removing an unfounded and [illegible] prejudice against a harmless animal.

The Cat.

There is a prevalent idea that the cat is incapable of personal affection, being [illegible] attached to places. Doubtless cats are sagacious, and less devoted to persons than are dogs. We think, however, that much traduced feline friend has more in so to speak, than is generally admitted by persons who have not studied her character. The phrenologist would tell us the cat has the organ of locality highly developed; she certainly dislikes a change of residence, and evinces great uneasiness when obliged to alter her *locale*. We know, however, of an instance which seems to [illegible] our opinion that, despite her love of familiar places, the cat is not wholly without personal attachment and ordinary [illegible] gence which characterize many of our domestic animals. We are personally acquainted with a magnificent tom, which for eight years has constantly occupied the same room as his master, who has been an invalid for the greater part of that period. It happens sometimes that Boodle's master has to be moved to a room in a distant part of the house. The cat invariably follows, showing, however, at the same time, unmistakable signs of disturbed temper at the change. Boodle's master has been ordered change of air; and, on one occasion, during his absence, the cat wandered away from the house, not reappearing until his master was safely re-established in the old quarters, where meat, milk, and a comfortable bed had failed to attract the faithful animal during his friend's absence. This cat, like others we have heard of, is much terrified by the sound of wind; and during the rough north-west gales to which his favorite room is exposed, will take up his abode in a distant part of the house, and facing the wall, thus proving that he is by no means blindly attached to places. Were we to bestow equal trouble upon the cat's education as that devoted to the dog, it may be the former animal would reward our pains by a display of well-nigh as much affection and intelligence as does our canine favorite. It is not generally known how tractable the cat really is. We know of one of these animals which, despite its natural aversion to damp and cold, would follow her master during his shooting excursions through the grass and exposed to cold winds, never leaving his side as long as he carried his gun. The report of the fowling-piece was ever a signal for this cat to forsake her warm bed on the hearth for the more stirring pleasures of the field. It is true her master occasionally rewarded his eccentric companion with a taste of the contents of the game bag.

When well trained the cat is very orderly in her habits. Boodle, whose fidelity to his master we have described, has been taught to save the carpet by taking his food on a paper dish, prepared for him at every meal. From good training, and, it may be, the force of habit, this cat will bring home mice, and birds, which he places on the paper, evidently preferring to "eat his prey" in this civilized manner to a more natural way of devouring it. The cat may be trained to great regularity and cleanliness in his habits. Every evening, summer and winter, our Boodle leaves the house at about eight o'clock, and after a ramble in the grounds climbs up the veranda and scratches at his master's window for readmittance for the night, which he passes at his friend's feet, never but once, and that before the completion of his education, having transgressed the rules of propriety.

SPIRITUALISM.

[The following article is from "Death and Life," a book recently published by Mary G. Ware. It is interesting as showing how the modern doctrine of Spiritualism appears from the Swedenborgian point of view.]

So many [illegible] have been [illegible] in the communications [illegible] through the various signs and sounds of mediums, that it seems to be a legitimate subject of religious inquiry, how far such communications are worthy of credit, and what place they should take among the sources of consolation and instruction vouchsafed to us by Providence.

Scientific men may tell us scornfully, that there are no facts, and religious men may tell us indignantly that there is no truth, in the Spiritualism of the present day; but, still, men and women will throng in crowds to the mediums, and will believe that what they see is fact, and that what they hear is truth.

The universality of faith in a spiritual Creator of the material world, and of a spiritual existence for man, after the material life ceases, has always been regarded as a strong presumptive evidence that such things really are. Still, materially-minded men have been found in all ages, who were ready to deny, both these articles of faith.

That spirits who have left the body have power to communicate with spirits still inhabiting the body, is a belief, that, until very recently, was quite as universal as the other two; and is now denied only in communities that have become enlightened by scientific truth. Educated persons are inclined to shrink from any acknowledgment of the possibility, that spirit may in any way make itself manifest to the senses of men and women living in this world, as if it were something shameful, and implying gross ignorance and superstition.

Much of this incredulity is assumed through dread of ridicule; and many believe in their hearts, while they deny with their lips. Too many instances of preternatural communications are authentically recorded in history and biography, too many are handed down orally in families living around us, to allow of anything like universal disbelief. The most determined deniers are men of science; but it may be reasonably doubted, whether devoting one's mental powers exclusively to the study of the material creation is the best way of illuminating it in spiritual things. All can see the folly of the pope, who had studied only spiritual things, when he undertook to decide that the assertion of Galileo was false; but Galileo would have been as foolish as the pope, if he had assumed that he could measure the powers and capacities of spirits, because he could prove that the earth moved round the sun.

It is easy for us to see that it must have been a superstitious age, when many innocent victims were hurried out of the world by violent and cruel means, because the clergy were allowed to decide upon evidence in matters of life and death, which by no means came within their vocation; but future generations may see as easily, that it must have been a skeptical age, when men of science were deemed the best judges of spiritual things, and an age devoted to materialism as no age ever was before.

Modern scientific discovery has advanced so rapidly, and accumulated facts so fast that the attention of intelligent minds has been called to the material world more strongly than at any previous period of history; and it is not surprising that the material world should for a time occupy an unduly elevated place, and attract an unduly exclusive attention. Still, the spirit will resist the reign of matter; and the uncultivated majority will not submit to have its so-called superstitions torn from its grasp. Not that all cultivated minds are skeptical, and all ignorant ones superstitious; for there are beautiful exceptions to the skepticism of science, and fearful exceptions to the superstition of ignorance: but, taken as a whole, it can hardly be denied, that the average tendency of science is towards skepticism, and the average tendency of ignorance is towards superstition.

The so-called Spiritualism of the present day has grown so rapidly, since its first beginning, a very few years ago, at Rochester, that thinking minds can hardly abstain from giving some heed to it. When a form of religious faith counts its votaries by millions, it may be doubted if a truly religious mind should be excused for ignoring it, or setting it aside as jugglery or superstition, without first examining its claims with considerable care. That we have a religious belief of our own, which satisfies our faith and our affections, may suffice to set our own minds at rest concerning the claims of any new form of faith; but we cannot stand alone in this world; and the relations we bear to society call upon us to take some decided ground in regard to a belief which is either a corrupting superstition, or the opening of a new mode of intercourse with the world of spirits. If it be the latter, we may desire to become acquainted with it for our own sakes; if the former, we should endeavor to comprehend it so far as to be able to aid others who are liable to be led away by it, or who have already given themselves up to its misguiding influence.

Probably there is no religious denomination, taken as a whole, who have given so little heed to Spiritualism as the class of persons who belong to the New-Jerusalem Church, or, as they are more commonly designated by others, Swedenborgians; and yet the members of this church form the only class of Christians who believe that intercourse with spirits is perfectly possible, and in no way discordant with the laws of nature or the powers of man.

The discoveries of modern science have, one after another, brought their tribute of evidence, each in its own form, to prove the truth of the philosophy and the theology revealed to the world through the instrumentality of Swedenborg; and now Spiritualism, with its lofty flights of fancy and its puerile depths of folly, with its elevated morality and its low hypocrisy and falsehood, forms a heterogeneous whole precisely in accordance with what Swedenborg tells us of the inhabitants of the "world of spirits," or middle country between Heaven and hell, where the spirits of the departed go on first leaving the world of matter, and before taking their final place in Heaven or hell.

Many persons seem to think, that, if anything is preternatural, it must be supernatural; that, if anything comes to us from the region of spirits, it must be pure and true, holy and dignified. Because many so-called spirits are found liars, they decide that the whole thing must be false; for, if it came from Heaven, it must be all true; and they are sure God would allow nothing to come to us from hell. Others, after a careful examination, finding it impossible to escape from the evidence of preternatural power, decide, that, because much is false and evil, the whole thing must come from hell.

The doctrines taught by Swedenborg place us upon a middle ground, where we can answer the objections on both sides, and give a rational solution of the whole phenomena of Spiritualism. According to these doctrines, the spiritual world is divided into three regions,—the world of angels, or Heaven; the world of spirits; and the world of devils, or hell. All spirits, immediately upon leaving their material bodies, pass into the second of these regions, and there remain until they are made thoroughly to understand themselves, and to decide of their own free will whether they will choose Heaven or hell for their final abode; for man is not promoted to Heaven or cast down to hell by the arbitrary judgment of the Almighty. His own thoughts and affections pass judgment upon him, and by them he is led to choose a home with spirits like himself. If his thoughts and affections are heavenly, they lead him naturally to desire and enjoy the society of angels; while, to those whose thoughts and affections are infernal, such society would be a grievous bondage, and they flee away from all that is Heavenly, and find themselves at home only in the regions of hell. The duration of the residence of spirits in this middle country is very various. Those who have been very good or very evil in this world go soonest to their final homes; while those whose characters have been less marked, and who do not readily learn to know the dominant inclinations of their own natures, remain sometimes for many years before they are able to acknowledge to themselves the ruling loves which were dominant with them in the flesh, and which must remain dominant when the flesh is cast off: for, in this world, we all make our final choice of the direction in which we shall walk through all eternity; though, with many, the life seems so vacillating and uncertain, that, to finite perceptions, it may appear that there is as great an inclination in one direction as in the other.

The inhabitants of this middle region are the only spirits who can readily hold direct intercourse with persons still living in this world. The spirits who are in Heaven or hell are too far removed in the plane of their life from us to be able to make themselves manifest to us, excepting in very rare and peculiar instances. These spirits are as varied in character now as they were before they left this world. They awoke in the other life possessed of just the same affections as when they fell asleep for the last time here; neither wiser nor better for having passed through the gate of physical death. They have been admitted neither to Heaven nor hell, and are incompetent to instruct us about either. A little reflection might lead us to suppose that it would be those spirits who are least capable of instructing who would be most ready to take upon themselves the office of instructors. Recently departed from this world, and as yet knowing little of the world into which they have entered, the candid, the humble, and the truly wise, would feel that they were incompetent to instruct those they had left behind them; while the superficial, the conceited, and the talkative would be all ready to hold forth to whomsoever would listen. Pride and conceit, and love of dominion, that led them to delight in influencing others while in the flesh, continue to make them delight in exercising a still stronger influence, now that they are in the spirit, upon those who are still in this world; and who suppose them to be more competent to instruct, merely because they have gone to a world to them unseen. The love of gossip, too, so intense in many who are [illegible] by the [illegible] of [illegible], but none the less [illegible] in bewildering the minds of inquisitive men and women, who receive any news from the other world, however silly and unprofitable, with open-eyed wonder. Swedenborg tells us, that evil spirits especially delight in exercising power over others; that, when they approach a person, they perceive whatever is in his memory, and are thereby able to exert an influence over him of which they would otherwise be incapable. This agrees with one feature that is constantly observed in the spiritual communications of the present time. So surprising a knowledge of things in the mind of the questioner is often shown, that faith is at once enlisted to believe anything the spirit may assert. By thus, as it were, compelling the faith, and destroying the rational liberty of the mind, the spirits prove themselves evil; for no good spirit wishes to compel faith, but desires, like the Lord, to leave us all in rational liberty. Spirits who strive to destroy the liberty of the mind are Jesuitical and diabolical.

Again: Swedenborg says that evil spirits are very fond of assuming to be some great person, or some person other than they really are, as the case may be, in order that their words may exert a stronger influence on those to whom they speak. Judge Edmonds, with an amusing simplicity, relates that the spirits told him, that, finding men were more ready to ask who they were than what they had to say, they assumed such names as they thought would carry weight with them, in order to make people more ready to receive what they wished to tell them. It does not seem to occur to the mind of Judge Edmonds, that the spirits who assumed to be Swedenborg and Lord Bacon were playing him the same trick; although there was nothing in what they said that could have enabled a reader to tell which was which, had it not been for the signatures; or that would have led him to imagine that any great mind was uttering itself, unless the most long-winded verbosity be a sign of greatness.

The communications that have been published to the world exhibit an amount of wisdom not at all above the average of what we find in persons dwelling about us; and this is precisely what we have a right to expect, if we assume Swedenborg's doctrines to be true. There is no department of literature at the present day more flat, unphilosophical, and unworthy of notice, than that of the published spiritual communications that have been given to the world. The more intelligent votaries of Spiritualism assure us, that we should not judge of the subject by its printed literature; for the most interesting and valuable communications have never been published, but are scattered about the country in manuscripts that the possessors esteem far too sacred to permit them to meet the public eye. It is very probable that the owners of these writings value them thus highly, but exceedingly improbable that they are really so valuable. Manuscripts, especially those in which we have a personal interest, generally seem more precious than published compositions; and, if these papers were all given to the world, it is probable that the average amount of wisdom they contain would vary little from that of which the public has already been permitted to judge.

Many will naturally be led to ask, why the communications received through Swedenborg should be esteemed any more worthy of credit than those of other mediums. The manner in which he was instructed was entirely distinct from anything that has been done since his day. The instruction received by the Spiritualists comes to them from spirits who are pressing into the material world, eager to display the knowledge they possess, and seeking to take possession of men's minds, and compel their faith by astonishing them with the tricks of jugglers and fortune-tellers.

Swedenborg, on the contrary, was elevated by the Lord into the spiritual world. His spiritual perceptions were opened after the manner of St. Paul, and he saw and heard what was passing in the spiritual world. (CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

☞ There is now in operation at the Electric Telegraph Company's offices, in London, an instrument, which, from its ingenuity of construction and perfection of results, deserve attention. The object is to transmit autograph messages in the exact form in which they are written; and the most complicated figures, designs, sketches, or indeed anything that can be drawn by an ordinary pen, are transmitted as readily as the simplest dot or stroke.

☞ Dr. Colenso has been judged at the Cape, and the charges of heresy proved. He is given to the fourth of March, in London, unconditionally to retract the heretical extracts from his writings, or the sixteenth of April, in Cape Town. Dr. Colenso's advocate appealed.

☞ In Icetown, opposite St. Louis, which was built on the frozen river during the "cold spell," a barkeeper built a fire in his tent and sat before it on a three-legged stool warming his shins, when the fire thawed a hole in the ice and the man fell in, and has not yet reappeared. His assistant, a verdant Irish boy, was asked where the proprietor was, and replied, "Faith, he's gone into the cellar."

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT.

Woman's Pennsylvania Branch, 1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Mrs. Caleb Cope, Treasurer, N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor St., Phila.

Sub-Committee on Correspondence.

Mrs. M. B. Grier, Chairman. } Ex-Officio.
Miss E. E. [illegible], Cor. Sec.
Mrs. George Plitt, Rec. Sec.
Mrs. W. E. Furness.
Mrs. Lathrop.
Miss M. M. Duane.
Mrs. Phineas M. Clapp, Asst. Sec.

We have received several letters from Secretaries of auxiliary societies in New Jersey, who seem perplexed as to what course to pursue in relation to sending supplies to our Branch, since the organization of a Branch of the Commission at Newark. We desire to say to all, that we wish them to feel free to dissolve their connection with us, if by so doing they can insure a greater degree of comfort to the army.

When the Newark Branch was established, it was not intended that it should interfere with our associations in New Jersey, as the subjoined letter will show; but we desire to leave it to each society to decide for itself.

Rev. Mr. Biggle, of Tuckahoe, proposes that each box sent to us by the New Jersey Societies shall be duly recorded and accredited at the Newark Branch. We see no objection to this, but on the contrary, it seems to us a wise suggestion, as the freight is considerably economized by shipping to Philadelphia instead of Newark.

823 BROADWAY, N. Y., Feb. 13, '64.

Dear Sir,—Dr. Jenkins wishes me to inform you that although a branch of the San. Com. has been established at Newark, it will not interfere with the operations of the "Philadelphia Branch" in Southern New Jersey, and instructions will be transmitted to Newark to that effect.

Yours, truly, N. A. [illegible].

B. M. Lewis, Esq., Philadelphia, Pa.

A letter recently received from one of our [illegible] Associate Managers, says:—"The people here do not believe in 'Special Relief.'" Now, this would seem incredible, if we did not know that those who do not believe in it must, in the very nature of the case, be ignorant of its work. In answer to this, we will quote from a letter written by one of our Associate Managers, who attended the Council of Women held at the Sanitary Commission Rooms in Washington in January:

"I fancied before that I appreciated the Sanitary Commission; but I found that I had not begun to know half its worth. Surely there never was anything so noble, so good, so glorious, in all the world as this unbounded generosity of a nation poured into the hands of a band of disinterested men, who seem almost omnipresent, caring for each soldier as a tender father would care for his own son. First, to guard him from all ill, by care in the selection of his camping ground, and advising precautions as to diet, clothing, cleanliness, &c. Second, in relieving the wants of the sick and suffering, and comforting them in every way. Third, and to me the most noble work of all, the Special Relief! As a good shepherd gathers up his drooping lamb, and carries it back on his breast to the fold—so does the Sanitary Commission gather up the poor fellow who has sunk utterly exhausted on his way, carries him to the fold, notifies his officers of his whereabouts and condition; nourishes and encourages him, and returns him to his post of duty; or, if he does not rally, he gets an honorable discharge and his pay for him; and then, if too feeble to go alone, a messenger carries him to his home, where his very weakness makes him doubly dear. God bless the work! Forgive me for repeating what you so fully appreciate, but I love the theme."

This is the testimony of a woman able to judge; doubly able, inasmuch as she has given her boy, a lad of seventeen, to her country. We do not think that any mother who has a son in our army will say that she does not believe in special relief.

THE FAIR FOR THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

Princely donations have already been made to the Great Central Fair by some of our leading business men.

One sent a deed of Napoleon Bonaparte's and a hundred dollars; one his check for $1,000; another has given a steam engine valued at $20,000. Such liberality is inspiring, and we cannot but feel encouraged to hope that Pennsylvania and her sister Central States will do all and more than has been expected from them.

A lady in Carlisle writes:—"We are beginning to try to awaken the town on the subject of the great Fair. We must not let it fall below Boston."

We are glad to see this spirit of rivalry evinced in so noble a cause, and we hope that it will spread throughout the length and breadth of the great Keystone State, New Jersey and Delaware.

Boston is too magnanimous to wish us to fall below her in so sacred a work, and will herself bestow the palm upon Philadelphia if she prove worthy of it.

But, after all, the magnificent donations, such as those recorded above, are not the ones that will stir the heart of the people the most. The poor laboring man, who gives the earnings of one day—the servant-girl, who sets apart for this purpose one-seventh of her weekly wages—the child that brings out its hoarded pennies, and denies itself some gratification that it looked forward to—these are the offerings sweetest in the sight of God—dearest to the heart of the people. Many such will be unregistered on earth, but the recording angel will not fail to enter them upon his book.

Who has read the simple story of the negro woman of Chicago, who gave the snow-white but coarse linen that she had earned and laid away for her winding sheet, and has not wept over it?

The New England woman, who sent to the Boston Fair her eleven tea-spoons, worn thin by long use, little anticipated how thoroughly her gift would be appreciated. The spoons brought $550, being purchased by eleven gentlemen, who gave $50 a-piece. They should have engraven on each spoon an inscription, and that woman's name should be handed down in their respective families as that of one who loved her country's cause more than her possessions.

Inauguration of the Great Central Fair.

A meeting of the Executive Committee will be held in the Academy of Music, in this city, on Thursday evening, March 10. Addresses are expected from Bishop Clarke, Dr. Bellows, Rev. Phillips Brooks, and others. Seats can be obtained free of charge by application in person at 1307 Chestnut street.

The appointments of Miss N. J. [illegible], of Newcastle, Delaware, Mrs. E. M. [illegible], of Germantown, and Mrs. F. A. Curtis, of Newark, Delaware, as associate managers of the W. P. B., were unanimously confirmed by the Executive Committee, at a meeting held February 26th.

DONATIONS.

The Woman's Penn. Branch United States Sanitary Commission acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Ladies' Aid, Milton, Northumberland co., [illegible] Sec'y, 1 box; [illegible] Ladies' Aid, Gwynedd, Montgomery co., Miss S. H. Meredith, Sec'y, 1 box; Mrs. Joseph W. Jones, 1 pkg.; Mrs. L. Dock, West Falls, 1 pkg.; Soldiers' Aid, Brooklyn, Susquehanna co., D. E. Watrous, Sec'y, 1 box; Mrs. Conant, Burlington, N. J., 1 pkg.; Cape May Court House, Middle township, N. J., Miss J. Hand, Sec'y, 1 box; Aid Society, Tioga and Mill Creek, Tioga co., Mrs. S. M. Guernsey, Sec'y, 1 box; Mrs. E. F. Thompson, Ashland, Schuylkill co., 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Pottsville, Schuylkill co., Mrs. Thompson, Sec'y, 1 box; Anna M. Reid, West Chester, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Holt, 1310 Delancey Place, 1 pkg.; Vaughan Sewing Circle, 1 pkg.; S. Crossman, 1 pkg.; Aid Society, Dennisville, Cape May co., N. J., Mrs. E. L. Beesly, Sec'y, 2 boxes; Ladies' Aid, Danville, Montour co., Miss M. F. Montgomery, Sec'y, 2 boxes, 2 demijohns; Dimock, Susquehanna co., Ladies' Aid, Miss Woodruff, Sec'y, 1 bbl.; St. Stephen's church, Mrs. Dunstan, 1 pkg.; Mrs. A. Boyd Cummings, 1 pkg.; Industrial Branch, 1 pkg.; Miss E. E. Haven, Sec'y; Mrs. Lord, 947 N. 10th st., 1 bbl. of reading matter and backgammon board.

☞ A paper called "The Volunteer," is published daily by the managers of the Buffalo Sanitary Fair, now in progress. A recent number contained the following:

TRANSLATION FROM MARTIAL.

Book V., Epigram 42.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Thieves may break in and bear away your gold,
The cruel flame may lay your mansion low,
Your dues the faithless debtor may withhold,
Your fields may not return the grain you sow;
A spendthrift steward at your cost may live;
Your ships may founder with their precious store,
But wealth bestowed is safe—for what you give,
And that alone, is yours for evermore.

Feb. 16, 1864.

☞ General Grant is to be presented with a sword that will cost $1,000. It has just been finished by the Ames Company at Chicopee. Among the ornamental features about the handle is a ring of fourteen diamonds, costing $400. On the sword is engraved a record of twenty-seven battles and sieges in which the modern Ulysses has been engaged.

☞ Lieutenant-Colonel Freemantle, who passed a few days in Charleston, South Carolina, in his book entitled "Three Months in the Southern States," says that Beauregard's hair was getting very gray; the romantic attributed it to the anxiety of the last two years; but the real reason is that the strictness of the blockade deprives him of dye and pomade.

☞ General Seymour, who commanded the Federal troops in the recent reverse in Florida, likewise managed the desperate, bloody and unsuccessful assault on Fort Wagner before it was captured. He is reputed to be a brave and accomplished officer, but ill-fortune seems to follow all his enterprizes.

☞ Mr. George Elliot, a London merchant, has presented to the United States Sanitary Commission, (through our countryman, Cyrus W. Field,) one thousand tons of best English coal. Mr. Elliot incurs all the expense in delivering the coal on board of a ship Mr. Field may select; so that the entire cargo leaves England without any cost to the Commission. Truly a noble deed for a very worthy object.

☞ Ladies should not make a pin-cushion of their mouths. Mrs. Kate E. Taylor, of Sidney, as we learn from the Skowhegan Clarion, swallowed a pin twelve years ago, since which time she has been troubled with a pain in her lungs and a cough. Recently, during a severe coughing spell, she brought up into her mouth an old fashioned ounce pin, much corroded, which was undoubtedly the pin swallowed so long ago.

☞ We recently published an account of a white man turning black. Bishop Burgess says there is a black man in Gardiner, who, for some time, has been gradually growing white, until now his hands and arms and face, with the exception of a few ebony streaks, are of a chalky whiteness.

LATEST NEWS.

[illegible]

A Knoxville despatch states that Longstreet has shipped his wagons by rail to Richmond, and is removing his men on the horses and mules thus released, and is sweeping all the animals that can be found.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser says that none of Sherman's forces had reached Jackson on the 28th.

☞ ECONOMY AT A FIRM AGE.—In the autobiography of Dr. Beecher mention is made of a certain "old Dr. ——, who was so economical that he boasted of having kept all his accounts for thirty years with one quill pen, and said he had thought so closely on the subject of economy, that he knew exactly how to lean his arm on the table so as not to take the nap off, and how to set down his foot with the least possible wear to the sole of the shoe."

☞ The Lancaster Trumpet, of Elizabethtown, says that after the death, a few days since, of a young woman at the residence of Martin Laly, in Hughe township, a beautiful white rose and bud made their appearance on her lips, said horticultural phenomena being hard, like ivory, and continuing to grow until her interment. Skeptics said it was a natural rose placed on the face as an ornament, but were convinced by inspection that they were mistaken.

☞ Cars on the American plan have been put upon some of the railways in Switzerland.

☞ The celebrated triangular field of operations in Tennessee and Northern Georgia, at the respective angles of which Chattanooga, Dalton and Cleveland are situated, is of such an extent that an army moving with ordinary rapidity would require a week to march around it. Gen. Grant is in command of forces which occupy a front of nearly four hundred miles.

☞ Do you ask me where be my jewels? My jewels are my husband and his triumphs, said Phocion's wife. Do you ask me where be my ornaments? My ornaments are my two sons, brought up in virtue and learning, said the mother of the Gracchi. Do you ask me where be my treasures? My treasures are my friends, said Constantius, the father of Constantine.

☞ The Scientific American says:—"Stoves made of soapstone have been introduced at Quebec. They are said to throw out a mellower and more uniform heat than iron. The material of which they are made is very abundant in the mineral region south of the St. Lawrence."

☞ Parton's Life of Butler is elaborately reviewed in the London Spectator. The writer not only states that the book has entirely changed his opinion of Gen. Butler, but says the latter reminds him, in versatility and energy, of Frederick the Great!

☞ The Committee on the Conduct of the War have thoroughly satisfied themselves by the testimony of competent witnesses, that the United States is using the best ordnance in the world, manufactured at the least cost.

☞ We use riches as children use toys—to amuse us till we fall asleep.

☞ If you would render your children helpless all their lives, never compel or permit them to help themselves.

☞ The loud tones in which some people appeal to reason imply that reason is a great distance from them.

☞ Two swindlers have been convicted in Chicago. They advertised their ability to predict the future husband or wife of any party consulting them for the small sum of twenty-five cents. They purchased from the photographic galleries all the old pictures on hand, and mailed one to each correspondent, and of course gentleman who were skillful enough to embody their predictions in such definite shape soon drove a good business. Over one thousand applications were on hand when the police straightened up the accounts of the concern.

☞ A bog of marsh in England becoming dry, the people were surprised at the sight of a square mile of frogs moving across the country, the old frogs with little frogs upon their backs, and all led by huge old patriarchs migrating to the nearest water.

[illegible] ought to have been with her. [illegible] Cray [illegible] them." [illegible] "Pardon," [illegible] I did [illegible] Cray's return home?" [illegible] that [illegible] of hers, sir, the [illegible] the poor gentleman that she'd send a [illegible] to meet him. He heard of it [illegible] he came, and came off at once with his brougham. They got here this morning. Very nice people, both of them, sir, but very poor. They think no doubt [illegible] my lady's money is left to them. I don't say [illegible]."

"I wish to ask you a question or two about the death, Parkins," he interrupted in a [illegible] manner. None could check us[illegible] pupils with more dignity than he. "When was it discovered that Lady Oswald was seriously injured?"

"Not until the Sunday, sir. Mr. Cray came home with her here when she was brought up from Hildea; but I dare say you remember that, for you were at the station with her. He wanted to examine into her state then, but she was very obstinate, and persisted in saying she'd not be touched with slights that she wasn't hurt. I fancy Dr. Davenal thought it was wrong of Mr. Cray not to have insisted upon it—but Mr. Cray himself did not think there was any grave injury: he told me so then. The next morning I thought they'd both be here, Dr. Davenal and Mr. Cray; but Mr. Cray came alone, the doctor it appeared had been sent for to Thorndyke—"

"To Thorndyke?" involuntarily interrupted Oswald.

"Yes, sir, somebody was ill there. However, he, the doctor, was back and up here in the afternoon. He had seen Mr. Cray, and he came to examine into her state for himself: for it had been discovered then that she was worse injured than they thought. At first my lady said she'd not submit to the operation, which Mr. Cray had already told her must take place; but Dr. Davenal talked to her, and she consented, and they fixed half-past five in the afternoon. Have you heard how she died, sir?" broke off Parkins abruptly.

"I have heard since I got here this evening that she died from the effects of chloroform."

"And so she did, sir. And it's a thing that I shall never understand to my dying day."

Parkins spoke the last words with a vehemence that superseded the sobs. Mr. Oswald Cray thought he did not understand it either; but he did not say so.

"In what way don't you understand it?" he asked quietly.

"How it was they came to give her the chloroform. I am quite certain, sir, that up to the very moment that the operation was ready to be begun, there was no thought of chloroform. It was not as much as mentioned, and if any chloroform had been in the room amidst the preparations, I must have seen it."

"Were you present during the operation?"

"I was to have been present, sir; but at the last moment I fainted dead off, and had to be taken from the room. We knew no more, any of us, till it was all over. Then we were called to by the gentlemen, and told what was the matter: that my lady was sinking under the influence of the chloroform they had administered, and could not be rallied from it. And, a few minutes after, she died."

Oswald Cray remained for some moments silent.

"Was it Dr. Davenal who administered it?" he resumed at length.

"No doubt it was, sir; they were together. It was Dr. Davenal who performed the operation. My lady said nobody should do it but Mr. Cray, and it was settled that it should be done by him; but I suppose they thought at last it would be better to entrust it to the doctor. Any way, it was he who performed it."

"What did Dr. Davenal—did Dr. Davenal say anything about the chloroform afterwards, or why they had used it?"

"He didn't say much, sir. He said what had been done was done for the best: but he seemed dreadfully cut up. And so did Mr. Cray. The strangest thing to me is, why they used chloroform, when I saw no signs of their attempting to use it."

"But they must have had it with them?"

"Well, of course they must, sir. It was not produced, though, while I was there. They said my lady grew agitated—it was Mr. Cray said that—that my falling down helped to agitate her; but it will take a great deal to make me believe there was any need for them to use chloroform. It has sent a good lady her life; I know that. She had her little tempers and her fidgety ways, poor dear lady, but she was one of the best of mistresses. It's just as if they had done it to kill her."

Did the words grate on the ear of Oswald Cray?—as though they bore all too significant a meaning? Not yet; not quite yet. The testimony of the maid's had confirmed [illegible] doubt that Dr. Davenal had been the chief and acting surgeon: how then reconcile that fact with the opinion expressed [illegible] many hours before the death? He could not do it; he could not think; he [illegible] for it by any reasoning of [illegible] if [illegible] in [illegible] any [illegible] or [illegible] in a hazy dream, understanding nothing distinctly.

When he opened the house, he turned again and took his course to the abbey. Possibly he dreamed Mark could offer him consolation. Mark was not in, however, when he got there, only Caroline.

Mrs. Cray was in the large drawing-room, fire and the tea-table, at which she sat waiting for Mark, looked quite lost in its space. The thought struck Oswald as he entered. It had been the home of his early childhood, the scene of occasional visits since that period, but Oswald always thought that room larger and larger every time he entered it. It was at its window that he, a baby in arms, had been held by the side of his mother, when the grand people from Thorndyke in their carriage and four, her father and mother, would drive past and cast up their faces of stone. He had been too young to know anything then, but afterwards, when he could begin to understand, those stories of the passing by of Sir Oswald Oswald were impressed upon him by his nurse. They remained amidst his most vivid recollections. But that he knew it was impossible to have been so—for his mother had died when he was too young, and there was no more standing there after her death to watch for Sir Oswald—he could have affirmed now that he remembered those times in all their full detail: the steady pace of the fine horses, the bedizened carriage—in those days it was the fashion to have carriages bedizened—the servants in their claret liveries, the impassive faces of Sir Oswald and his lady. The fact was, it had all been described so often and minutely to the young child Oswald, that it remained on his memory as a thing seen, not heard.

Mrs. Cray, gay in attire, wearied in countenance, was quite alone. She wore a low evening dress of blue silk, with lace and fringes and trimmings; and blue ribbons in her hair. Rather more dress than is necessary for a quiet evening at home; but she was young and pretty and a bride, and—very fond of finery in any shape. Her weary face lighted up with smiles as she saw Oswald and rose to greet him: very, very pretty did she look then.

"I am so glad to see you! I had grown tired waiting for Mark. He went out the moment he had swallowed his dinner—before he had swallowed it, I think—and he is not in yet. Shall I tell you a secret, Oswald?"

"Yes, if you please."

"I am quite disappointed. I shan't at all like being a doctor's wife."

Her dark blue eyes were dancing with smiles as she spoke. Oswald smiled too: at the joke.

"It is true, Mr. Oswald Cray. I don't speak against my own dear Mark: I'd not part with *him*: but I do wish he was not a doctor. You don't know how little I see of him. He is in just at meals, and not always to them."

Oswald smiled still. "You had lived in a doctor's house, Mrs. Cray, and knew the routine of it."

"My uncle's house was not like this. Who can compare the great Dr. Davenal at the top of the tree, waiting at home for his patients to come to him, to poor Mark Cray at the bottom, just beginning to climb it? Things are different with them, Mr. Oswald. Mark has to be out, here and there and everywhere. At the infirmary, dancing attendance on interminable rows of beds one hour; in some obscure corner of the town another, setting somebody's leg or watching a case of fever. Mark says it won't go on quite as bad as it has begun. This has been an unusually busy week with him, owing to the doctor's absence. He left home on Sunday night, and was not back until Wednesday. A great portion of Sunday also he passed at Thorndyke."

"His patient must have been very ill to keep him away from Sunday until Wednesday," remarked Oswald.

"To tell you the truth," said Caroline, dropping her voice in a manner that sounded rather mysterious, "we don't think he was with a patient. We can't quite make out why he went or where he went. He came here in the middle of the night, and rang up Mark. It was the night subsequent to Lady Oswald's death—oh, Oswald! was not her death a shocking thing?"

"Very," was the answer, gravely spoken.

"When Mark came home that Sunday evening and told me Lady Oswald was dead, I cannot describe to you how I felt. At first I could not believe it; and then I went—I went into hysterics. It was very foolish of course, for hysterics do no good, but I could not help it. You have come down to attend the funeral to-morrow, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Well—I was telling you about my uncle. He came here in the middle of the night and rang up Mark, who went down to him. When Mark came up stairs again he said Dr. Davenal was going away on some private errand which he had made a sort of secret of to Mark. I fancy Mark was only half awake and did not hear him clearly: all he understood was, that the doctor was going somewhere by train unexpectedly; that Mark was to let it be assumed in the town that he was visiting a patient at a distance. Mark declared that he believed the poor [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

SPIRITUALISM.

[The following article is from "Death and Life," a book recently published by Mary G. Ware. It is interesting as showing how the modern doctrine of Spiritualism appears from the Swedenborgian point of view.]

So many bereaved hearts find consolation in the communications obtained through the various signs and sounds of mediums, that it seems to be a legitimate subject of religious inquiry, how far such communications are worthy of credit, and what place they should take among the sources of consolation and instruction vouchsafed to us by Providence.

Scientific men may tell us scornfully, that there are no facts, and religious men may tell us indignantly that there is no truth, in the Spiritualism of the present day; but, still, men and women will throng in crowds to the mediums, and will believe that what they see is fact, and that what they hear is truth.

The universality of faith in a spiritual Creator of the material world, and of a spiritual existence for man after the material life ceases, has always been regarded as a strong presumptive evidence that such things really are. Still, materially-minded men have been found in all ages, who were ready to deny, both these articles of faith.

That spirits who have left the body have power to communicate with spirits still inhabiting the body, is a belief, that, until very recently, was quite as universal as the other two; and is now denied only in communities that have become enlightened by scientific truth. Educated persons are inclined to shrink from any acknowledgment of the possibility, that spirit may in any way make itself manifest to the senses of men and women living in this world, as if it were something shameful, and implying gross ignorance and superstition.

Much of this incredulity is assumed through dread of ridicule; and many believe in their hearts, while they deny with their lips. Too many instances of preternatural communications are authentically recorded in history and biography, too many are handed down orally in families living around us, to allow of anything like universal disbelief. The most determined deniers are men of science; but it may be reasonably doubted, whether devoting one's mental powers exclusively to the study of the material creation is the best way of illuminating it in spiritual things. All can see the folly of the pope, who had studied only spiritual things, when he undertook to decide that the assertion of Galileo was false; but Galileo would have been as foolish as the pope, if he had assumed that he could measure the powers and capacities of spirits, because he could prove that the earth moved round the sun.

It is easy for us to see that it must have been a superstitious age, when many innocent victims were hurried out of the world by violent and cruel means, because the clergy were allowed to decide upon evidence in matters of life and death, which by no means came within their vocation; but future generations may see as easily, that it must have been a skeptical age, when men of science were deemed the best judges of spiritual things, and an age devoted to materialism as no age ever was before.

Modern scientific discovery has advanced so rapidly, and accumulated facts so fast that the attention of intelligent minds has been called to the material world more strongly than at any previous period of history; and it is not surprising that the material world should for a time occupy an unduly elevated place, and attract an unduly exclusive attention. Still, the spirit will resist the reign of matter; and the uncultivated majority will not submit to have its so-called superstitions torn from its grasp. Not that all cultivated minds are skeptical, and all ignorant ones superstitious; for there are beautiful exceptions to the skepticism of science, and fearful exceptions to the superstition of ignorance: but, taken as a whole, it can hardly be denied, that the average tendency of science is towards skepticism, and the average tendency of ignorance is towards superstition.

The so-called Spiritualism of the present day has grown so rapidly, since its first beginning, a very few years ago, at Rochester, that thinking minds can hardly abstain from giving some heed to it. When a form of religious faith counts its votaries by millions, it may be doubted if a truly religious mind should be excused for ignoring it, or setting it aside as jugglery or superstition, without first examining its claims with considerable care. That we have a religious belief of our own, which satisfies our faith and our affections, may suffice to set our own minds at rest concerning the claims of any new form of faith; but we cannot stand alone in this world; and the relations we bear to society call upon us to take some decided ground in regard to a belief which is either a corrupting superstition, or the opening of a new mode of intercourse with the world of spirits. If it be the latter, we may desire to become acquainted with it for our own sakes; if the former, we should endeavor to comprehend it so far as to be able to aid others who are liable to be led away by it, or who have already given themselves up to its misguiding influence.

Probably there is no religious denomination, taken as a whole, who have given so little heed to Spiritualism as the class of persons who belong to the New-Jerusalem Church, or, as they are more commonly designated by others, Swedenborgians; and yet the members of this church form the only class of Christians who believe that intercourse with spirits is perfectly possible, and in no way discordant with the laws of nature or the powers of man.

The discoveries of modern science have, one after another, brought their tribute of evidence, each in its own form, to prove the truth of the philosophy and the theology revealed to the world through the instrumentality of Swedenborg; and now Spiritualism, with its lofty flights of fancy and its puerile depths of folly, with its elevated morality and its low hypocrisy and falsehood, forms a homogeneous whole precisely in accordance with what Swedenborg tells us of the inhabitants of the "world of spirits," or middle country between Heaven and hell, where the spirits of the departed go on first leaving the world of matter, and before taking their final places in Heaven or hell.

Many persons seem to think, that, if anything is preternatural, it must be supernatural; that, if anything comes to us from the region of spirits, it must be pure and true, holy and dignified. Because many so-called spirits are found liars, they decide that the whole thing must be false; for, if it came from Heaven, it must be all true; and they are sure God would allow nothing to come to us from hell. Others, after a careful examination, finding it impossible to escape from the evidence of preternatural power, decide, that, because much is false and evil, the whole thing must come from hell.

The doctrines taught by Swedenborg place us upon a middle ground, where we can answer the objections on both sides, and give a rational solution of the whole phenomena of Spiritualism. According to these doctrines, the spiritual world is divided into three regions,—the world of angels, or Heaven; the world of spirits; and the world of devils, or hell. All spirits, immediately upon leaving their material bodies, pass into the second of these regions, and there remain until they are made thoroughly to understand themselves, and to decide of their own free will whether they will choose Heaven or hell for their final abode; for man is not promoted to Heaven or cast down to hell by the arbitrary judgment of the Almighty. His own thoughts and affections pass judgment upon him, and by them he is led to choose a home with spirits like himself. If his thoughts and affections are heavenly, they lead him naturally to desire and enjoy the society of angels; while, to those whose thoughts and affections are infernal, such society would be a grievous bondage, and they flee away from all that is Heavenly, and find themselves at home only in the regions of hell. The duration of the residence of spirits in this middle country is very various. Those who have been very good or very evil in this world go soonest to their final homes; while those whose characters have been less marked, and who do not readily learn to know the dominant inclinations of their own natures, remain sometimes for many years before they are able to acknowledge to themselves the ruling loves which were dominant with them in the flesh, and which must remain dominant when the flesh is cast off: for, in this world, we all make our final choice of the direction in which we shall walk through all eternity; though, with many, the life seems so vacillating and uncertain, that, to finite perceptions, it may appear that there is as great an inclination in one direction as in the other.

The inhabitants of this middle region are the only spirits who can readily hold direct intercourse with persons still living in this world. The spirits who are in Heaven or hell are too far removed in the plane of their life from us to be able to make themselves manifest to us, excepting in very rare and peculiar instances. These spirits are as varied in character now as they were before they left this world. They awoke in the other life possessed of just the same affections as when they fell asleep for the last time here; neither wiser nor better for having passed through the gate of physical death. They have been admitted neither to Heaven nor hell, and are incompetent to instruct us about either. A little reflection might lead us to suppose that it would be those spirits who are least capable of instructing who would be most ready to take upon themselves the office of instructors. Recently departed from this world, and as yet knowing little of the world into which they have entered, the candid, the humble, and the truly wise, would feel that they were incompetent to instruct those they had left behind them; while the superficial, the conceited, and the talkative would be all ready to hold forth to whomsoever would listen. Pride and conceit, and love of dominion, that led them to delight in influencing others while in the flesh, continue to make them delight in exercising a still stronger influence, now that they are in the spirit, upon those who are still in this world; and who suppose them to be more competent to instruct, merely because they have gone to a world to them unseen. The love of gossip, too, so intense in many who are [illegible] cannot become annihilated by the passage of death; but must find the keenest enjoyment in bewildering the minds of inquisitive men and women, who receive any news from the other world, however crude and improbable, with open-eyed wonder. Swedenborg tells us, that evil spirits especially delight in exercising power over others; that, when they approach a person, they perceive whatever is in his memory, and are thereby able to exert an influence over him of which they would otherwise be incapable. This agrees with one feature that is constantly observed in the spiritual communications of the present time. So surprising a knowledge of things in the mind of the questioner is often shown, that faith is at once enlisted to believe anything the spirit may assert. By thus, as it were, compelling the faith, and destroying the rational liberty of the mind, the spirits prove themselves evil; for no good spirit wishes to compel faith, but desires, like the Lord, to leave us all in rational liberty. Spirits who strive to destroy the liberty of the mind are Jesuitical and diabolical.

Again, Swedenborg says that evil spirits are very fond of assuming to be some great person, or some person other than they really are, as the case may be, in order that their words may exert a stronger influence on those to whom they speak. Judge Edmonds, with an amusing simplicity, relates that the spirits told him, that, finding men were more ready to ask who they were than what they had to say, they assumed such names as they thought would carry weight with them, in order to make people more ready to receive what they wished to tell them. It does not seem to occur to the mind of Judge Edmonds, that the spirits who assumed to be Swedenborg and Lord Bacon were playing him the same trick; although there was nothing in what they said that could have enabled a reader to tell which was which, had it not been for the signatures; or that would have led him to imagine that any great mind was uttering itself, unless the most long-winded verbosity be a sign of greatness.

The communications that have been published to the world exhibit an amount of wisdom not at all above the average of what we find in persons dwelling about us; and this is precisely what we have a right to expect, if we assume Swedenborg's doctrines to be true. There is no department of literature at the present day more flat, unphilosophical, and unworthy of notice, than that of the published spiritual communications that have been given to the world. The more intelligent votaries of Spiritualism assure us, that we should not judge of the subject by its printed literature; for the most interesting and valuable communications have never been published, but are scattered about the country in manuscripts that the possessors esteem far too sacred to permit them to meet the public eye. It is very probable that the owners of these writings value them thus highly, but exceedingly improbable that they are really so valuable. Manuscripts, especially those in which we have a personal interest, generally seem more precious than published compositions; and, if these papers were all given to the world, it is probable that the average amount of wisdom they contain would vary little from that of which the public has already been permitted to judge.

Many will naturally be led to ask, why the communications received through Swedenborg should be esteemed any more worthy of credit than those of other mediums. The manner in which he was instructed was entirely distinct from anything that has been done since his day. The instruction received by the Spiritualists comes to them from spirits who are pressing into the material world, eager to display the knowledge they possess, and seeking to take possession of men's minds, and compel their faith by astonishing them with the tricks of jugglers and fortune-tellers.

Swedenborg, on the contrary, was elevated by the Lord into the spiritual world. His spiritual perceptions were opened after the manner of St. Paul, and he saw and heard what was passing in the spiritual world. (CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

There is now in operation at the Electric Telegraph Company's offices, in London, an instrument, which, from its ingenuity of construction and perfection of results, deserve attention. The object is to transmit autograph messages in the exact form in which they are written; and the most complicated figures, designs, sketches, or indeed anything that can be drawn by an ordinary pen, are transmitted as readily as the simplest dot or stroke.

Dr. Colenso has been judged at the Cape, and the charges of heresy proved. He is given to the fourth of March, in London, unconditionally to retract the heretical extracts from his writings, or the sixteenth of April, in Cape Town. Dr. Colenso's advocate appealed.

In Icetown, opposite St. Louis, which was built on the frozen river during the "cold spell," a barkeeper built a fire in his tent and sat before it on a three-legged stool warming his shins, when the fire thawed a hole in the ice and the man fell in, and has not yet reappeared. His assistant, a verdant Irish boy, was asked where the proprietor was, and replied, "Faith, he's gone into the cellar."

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

Woman's Pennsylvania Branch, 1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Mrs. Caleb Cope, Treasurer, N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor St., Phila.

Sub-Committee on Correspondence.

Mrs. M. B. Grier, Chairman. } Ex-Officio.
Mrs. B. H. Moore, Cor. Sec. }
Mrs. George Platt, Rec. Sec. }
Mrs. W. H. Furness.
Mrs. Lathrop.
Miss M. M. Duane.
Mrs. Phebe M. Clapp, Asst. Sec.

We have received several letters from Secretaries of auxiliary societies in New Jersey, who seem perplexed as to what course to pursue in relation to sending supplies to our Branch, since the organization of a Branch of the Commission at Newark. We desire to say to all, that we wish them to feel free to dissolve their connection with us, if by so doing they can insure a greater degree of success to the cause.

When the Newark Branch was established, it was not intended that it should interfere with our contributions in New Jersey, as the subjoined letter will show; but we desire to leave it to each society to decide for itself.

Rev. Mr. Biggs, of Tuckahoe, proposes that each box sent to us by the New Jersey Societies shall be duly recorded and accredited at the Newark Branch. We see no objection to this, but on the contrary, it seems to us a wise suggestion, as the freight is considerably economized by shipping to Philadelphia instead of Newark.

823 Broadway, N. Y., Feb. 13, '64.

Dear Sir,—Dr. Jenkins wishes me to inform you that although a branch of the San. Com. has been established at Newark, it will not interfere with the operations of the "Philadelphia Branch" in Southern New Jersey, and instructions will be transmitted to Newark to that effect.

Yours, truly, N. A. Pinkerton.
R. M. Lewis, Esq., Philadelphia, Pa.

A letter recently received from one of our esteemed Associate Managers, says:—"The people here do not believe in 'Special Relief.'" Now, this would seem incredible, if we did not know that those who do not believe in it must, in the very nature of the case, be ignorant of its work. In answer to this, we will quote from a letter written by one of our Associate Managers, who attended the Council of Women held at the Sanitary Commission Rooms in Washington in January:

"I fancied before that I appreciated the Sanitary Commission; but I found that I had not begun to know half its worth. Surely there never was anything so noble, so good, so glorious, in all the world as this unbounded generosity of a nation poured into the hands of a band of disinterested men, who seem almost omnipresent, caring for each soldier as a tender father would care for his own son. First, to guard him from all ill, by care in the selection of his camping ground, and advising precautions as to diet, clothing, cleanliness, &c. Second, in relieving the wants of the sick and suffering, and comforting them in every way. Third, and to me the most noble work of all, the Special Relief! As a good shepherd gathers up his drooping lamb, and carries it back on his breast to the fold—so does the Sanitary Commission gather up the poor fellow who has sunk utterly exhausted on his way, carries him to the fold, notifies his officers of his whereabouts and condition; nourishes and encourages him, and returns him to his post of duty; or, if he does not rally, he gets an honorable discharge and his pay for him; and then, if too feeble to go alone, a messenger carries him to his home, where his very weakness makes him doubly dear. God bless the work! Forgive me for repeating what you so fully appreciate, but I love the theme."

This is the testimony of a woman able to judge; doubly able, inasmuch as she has given her boy, a lad of seventeen, to her country. We do not think that any mother who has a son in our army will say that she does not believe in special relief.

THE FAIR FOR THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

Princely donations have already been made to the Great Central Fair by some of our leading business men.

One sent a deed of Napoleon Bonaparte's and a hundred dollars; one his check for $1,000; another has given a steam engine valued at $20,000. Such liberality is inspiring, and we cannot but feel encouraged to hope that Pennsylvania and her sister Central States will do all and more than has been expected from them.

A lady in Carlisle writes:—"We are beginning to try to awaken the town on the subject of the great Fair. We must not let it fall below Boston."

We are glad to see this spirit of rivalry evinced in so noble a cause, and we hope that it will spread throughout the length and breadth of the great Keystone State, New Jersey and Delaware.

Boston is too magnanimous to wish us to fall below her in so sacred a work, and will herself bestow the palm upon Philadelphia if she prove worthy of it.

But, after all, the magnificent donations, such as those recorded above, are not the ones that will stir the heart of the people the most. The poor laboring man, who gives the earnings of one day—the servant-girl, who sets apart for this purpose one-seventh of her weekly wages—the child that brings out its hoarded pennies, and denies itself some gratification that it looked forward to—these are the offerings sweetest in the sight of God—dearest to the heart of the people. Many such will be unregistered on earth, but the recording angel will not fail to enter them upon his book.

Who has read the simple story of the negro woman of Chicago, who gave the snow-white but coarse linen that she had earned and laid away for her winding sheet, and has not wept over it?

The New England woman, who sent to the Boston Fair her eleven tea-spoons, worn thin by long use, little anticipated how thoroughly her gift would be appreciated. The spoons brought $550, being purchased by eleven gentlemen, who gave $50 a-piece. They should have engraven on each spoon an inscription, and that woman's name should be handed down in their respective families as that of one who loved her country's cause more than her possessions.

Inauguration of the Great Central Fair.

A meeting of the Sanitary Commission will be held in the Academy of Music, in this city, on Thursday evening, March 10. Addresses are expected from Bishop Clarke, Dr. Bellows, Rev. Phillips Brooks, and others. Seats can be obtained free of charge by application in person at 1307 Chestnut street.

The appointments of Miss N. J. Stevenson, of Newcastle, Delaware, Miss E. H. Morris, of Germantown, and Mrs. P. A. Curtis, of Newark, Delaware, as associate managers of the W. P. B., were unanimously confirmed by the Executive Committee at a meeting held February 26th.

DONATIONS.

The Woman's Penn. Branch United States Sanitary Commission acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Ladies' Aid, Milton, Northumberland co., [illegible] M. Dougal, Sec'y, 1 box; Mrs. [illegible] 1 pkg.; [illegible] Aid Society, Tioga and Mill Creek, Tioga co., Mrs. S. M. Guernsey, Sec'y, 1 box; Mrs. [illegible] Thompson, Ashland, Schuylkill co., 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Pottsville, Schuylkill co., Mrs. Thompson, Sec'y, 1 box; Anna M. Reid, West Chester, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Holt, 1810 Delancey Place, 1 pkg.; Vaughan Sewing Circle, 1 pkg.; S. Chamberlain, 1 pkg.; Aid Society, Dennisville, Cape May co., N. J., Mrs. S. L. Beesley, Sec'y, 2 boxes; Ladies' Aid, Danville, Montour co., Miss M. F. Montgomery, Sec'y, 2 boxes, 2 demijohns; Dimock, Susquehanna co., Ladies' Aid, Miss Woodruff, Sec'y, 1 bbl.; St. Stephen's church, Mrs. Ducachet, 1 pkg.; Mrs. A. Boyd Cummings, 1 pkg.; Industrial Branch, 1 pkg.; Miss E. S. Haven, Sec'y; Mrs. Lond, 947 N. 10th st., 1 bbl. of reading matter and backgammon board.

A paper called "The Volunteer," is published daily by the managers of the Buffalo Sanitary Fair, now in progress. A recent number contained the following:

TRANSLATION FROM MARTIAL.

Book V., Epigram 42.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Thieves may break in and bear away your gold,
The cruel flame may lay your mansion low,
Your dues the faithless debtor may withhold,
Your fields may not return the grain you sow;
A spendthrift steward at your cost may live;
Your ships may founder with their precious store,
But wealth bestowed is safe—for what you give,
And that alone, is yours for evermore.
Feb. 16, 1864.

General Grant is to be presented with a sword that will cost $1,000. It has just been finished by the Ames Company at Chicopee. Among the ornamental features about the handle is a ring of fourteen diamonds, costing $400. On the sword is engraved a record of twenty-seven battles and sieges in which the modern Ulysses has been engaged.

Lieutenant-Colonel Freemantle, who passed a few days in Charleston, South Carolina, in his book entitled "Three Months in the Southern States," says that Beauregard's hair was getting very gray; the romantic attributed it to the anxiety of the last two years; but the real reason is that the strictness of the blockade deprives him of dye and pomade.

General Seymour, who commanded the Federal troops in the recent reverse in Florida, likewise managed the desperate, bloody and unsuccessful assault on Fort Wagner before it was captured. He is reputed to be a brave and accomplished officer, but ill-fortune seems to follow all his enterprizes.

Mr. George Elliot, a London merchant, has presented to the United States Sanitary Commission, (through our countryman, Cyrus W. Field,) one thousand tons of best English coal. Mr. Elliot incurs all the expense in delivering the coal on board of a ship Mr. Field may select; so that the entire cargo leaves England without any cost to the Commission. Truly a noble deed for a very worthy object.

Ladies should not make a pin-cushion of their mouths. Mrs. Kate E. Taylor, of Sidney, as we learn from the Skowhegan Clarion, swallowed a pin twelve years ago, since which time she has been troubled with a pain in her lungs and a cough. Recently, during a severe coughing spell, she brought up into her mouth an old fashioned ounce pin, much corroded, which was undoubtedly the pin swallowed so long ago.

We recently published an account of a white man turning black. Bishop Burgess says there is a black man in Gardiner, who, for some time, has been gradually growing white, until now his hands and arms and face, with the exception of a few ebony streaks, are of a chalky whiteness.

LATEST NEWS.

[illegible]

A Knoxville despatch states that Longstreet has shipped his wagons by rail to [illegible], and is marching his men on the [illegible] all the [illegible] can be found.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser states that none of Sheridan's forces had reached Jackson on the 24th.

ECONOMY AS A FINE ART.—In the autobiography of Dr. [illegible] mention is made of a certain "old Dr. ——," who was so economical that he boasted of having kept all his accounts for thirty years with one quill pen, and said he had thought so deeply on the subject of economy, that he knew exactly how to lean his arm on the table so as not to take the nap off, and how to set down his foot with the least possible wear to the sole of the shoe.

The Lancaster Trumpet, of Elizabethtown, says that after the death, a few days since, of a young woman, at the residence of Martin Isly, in Rapho township, a beautiful white rose and bud made their appearance on her lips, said horticultural phenomenon being hard, like ivory, and continuing to grow until her interment. Skeptics said it was a natural rose pinned on the face as an ornament, but were convinced by inspection that they were mistaken.

Cars on the American plan have been put upon some of the railways in Switzerland.

The celebrated triangular field of operations in Tennessee and Northern Georgia, at the respective angles of which Chattanooga, Dalton and Cleveland are situated, is of such an extent that an army moving with ordinary rapidity would require a week to march around it. Gen. Grant is in command of forces which occupy a front of nearly four hundred miles.

Do you ask me where be my jewels? My jewels are my husband and his triumphs, said Phocion's wife. Do you ask me where be my ornaments? My ornaments are my two sons, brought up in virtue and learning, said the mother of the Gracchi. Do you ask me where be my treasures? My treasures are my friends, said Constantius, the father of Constantine.

The Scientific American says:—"Stoves made of soapstone have been introduced at Quebec. They are said to throw out a mellower and more uniform heat than iron. The material of which they are made is very abundant in the mineral region south of the St. Lawrence."

Parton's Life of Butler is elaborately reviewed in the London Spectator. The writer not only states that the book has entirely changed his opinion of Gen. Butler, but says the latter reminds him, in versatility and energy, of Frederick the Great!

The Committee on the Conduct of the War have thoroughly satisfied themselves by the testimony of competent witnesses, that the United States is using the best ordnance in the world, manufactured at the least cost.

We use riches as children use toys—to amuse us till we fall asleep.

If you would render your children helpless all their lives, never compel or permit them to help themselves.

The loud tones in which some people appeal to reason imply that reason is a great distance from them.

Two swindlers have been convicted in Chicago. They advertised their ability to predict the future husband or wife of any party consulting them for the small sum of twenty-five cents. They purchased from the photographic galleries all the old pictures on hand, and mailed one to each correspondent, and of course gentlemen who were skillful enough to embody their predictions in such definite shape soon drove a good business. Over one thousand applications were on hand when the police straightened up the accounts of the concern.

A bog of marsh in England becoming dry, the people were surprised at the sight of a square mile of frogs moving across the country, the old frogs with little frogs upon their backs, and all led by huge old patriarchs migrating to the nearest water.

LEAP YEAR.

A Poem, Written on Single Bless.

[illegible] all of th Valentine's Day lovers!
[illegible] Your is Leap Year; the ladies may [illegible]
[illegible] you, girls in the city can't say [illegible]
[illegible] and your freedom you'll [illegible]

[illegible],
[illegible] or twilight [illegible],
[illegible] beside or [illegible],
[illegible] even or tall;
[illegible],
[illegible] or troubled,
[illegible] or rebuked,
[illegible] of them all!

[illegible] is the question this year; and for pop[illegible]
[illegible] will they call;
[illegible], [illegible], and you've no chance of [illegible] it;
"[illegible] Miss," does not answer a bit.
They'll guess no lessons,
Strings or sermons;
Resistance is no use in
To Leap Year's mad freak;
That one chance of Hymen
Par scorns and sky men,
(The girls can't think why men
Are frighten'd to speak.)

As for myself, I am terribly awfully—
"No" to a woman ne'er yet have I said;
So run a great risk of behaving unlawfully,
Marrying all who may ask me to wed.
In fact, dash my wig! am I
Standing of bigamy,
Not to say trigamy,
Twenty times o'er.
There is no hope escape of;
I'm in for the scrape of
My life, in the shape of
The year sixty-four.

Then, bachelors all, be advised and take warning;
There's a great deal more danger than many suppose
Who see treating my sad admonition with scorning,
And make bosom friends of their poor bosoms' foes.
Of their dreams they will wake out,
And find the mistake out
When th fair ones they break out
On Valentine's Day,
And, kneeling before us,
Declare they adore us,
And sing in a chorus,
"Be mine, love, I pray!"

This petticoat government's sway will be terrible,
Over our hearts most tyrannic in sway;
Rings for all fingers, and rings for each merry bell,
Their love insist on for Valentine's Day;
For there's no need for singing
To set the bells jangling,
For white favors dangling,
For bridesmaids a score;
For white orange flowers,
And weddings and dowers,
Since they hold full powers,
In Leap Year, sixty-four.

A DAY ON THE ICE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PART FIRST.

"Splendid skating," cried I, looking from my window one February morning as I hastily adjusted my warm clothing, and thought of the hot coffee awaiting my appearance down stairs. "Silver fields! sky blue and gold! air still and frosty! capital! nothing could be better, hurrah for a day on the ice."

Breakfast over—beheld me, skates in hand, basket on arm, cigar in mouth, bound at a rapid pace for the cove farthest from L——. Why farthest from L——? because I shall have there probably more skating and less company than on one more accessible to the fair sex.

Yes, it's the fashion for ladies to skate, and as for reasons best known to myself, little feminine shrieks of affright and little hand clutches on my arm are offensive to me, I choose to go where I run less risk of encountering them.

"Crossed in love," thinks my lady reader, "or he would not be so spiteful."

Madam or miss, you were never more mistaken in your life, nor I ever in love in all mine.

Here lies the quiet cove before me, not a living thing besides myself near; ah! yes, there is a pert snow bird balancing himself on a bare twig, and winking at me as though he too were an old hack and were mentally saying—"We've got it all to ourselves, old fellow, haven't we? no women folks here," or perhaps he has come on the wings of the wind to say out my whereabouts, and after all my care to be alone, "A bird of the air shall carry the matter" to those whom I wish to avoid.

There! he's away like a shot, and in the very direction from whence I came, too. Splendid skating? I should think it was!

[illegible] Sir Roger de Coverley, [illegible] King Lear, as his [illegible] hand on the [illegible] from their gravity by the [illegible] weight of his great coat [illegible]

Here we go to the right, to the left, forward or backward, circling and wheeling—until I feel like a being of another world—so light, so buoyant, so all agiow with the exhilarating exercise.

Flat wings? why wings are nothing to it. I wonder what is beyond that band to the right—if I may have wonder will probably be my master—here goes that for a military exploring expedition.

What did I find? nothing I had not seen before—good ice, shrubs and trees on the bank, and a glorious blue sky overhead.

Stop, I did find one thing beside, I found that my cigar was nearly used up, and—I lighted another.

I sail on, my head literally in the clouds and hills! my feet all but in an air hole, unfathomably stupid of me not to see it, pretty large hole that—should not like to get under.

PART SECOND.

I once saw in an old comic play bill, "Sublim rumblee." Well sublim rumbled now, what it was I could not make out. Thunder it could not be, unless summer and winter had kicked up a row between them, and that the smiling, golden atmosphere denied.

But soon I heard shrill sounds, intermingled with the rumbling. Ah! I know, it's some old cart, the wheels of which need greasing—a road runs near here as I remember, connecting our town with one still smaller.

Having settled this matter to my satisfaction, I resumed my late occupation.

The bend in the stream had already carried me out of sight of my first skating ground, and nearly out of mind of it also, so absorbed was I in the new figures I was trying—when the direful sound of the human voice fell on my reluctant ear. Voices shrill, voices gruff, voices high—voices low. Who can they belong to? thought I.

Fortunately I am concealed.

Some skating strides from where I stood, and in the direction from whence the voices proceeded was a thick clump of wild rose-vines, which twining themselves around the branches of a now leafless tree formed quite a thick screen, and yet allowed through their willowy branches a good view of the ice beyond.

To this spot I hastened, intent on a second exploration, and not, it must be confessed in the best of humors, at the interruption.

Thus covered by nature's screen, I stood secure and took my observations.

Five women, and about as many men—all persons whom I knew, were chatting and laughing on the edge of the cove; gracious! I had then mistaken the feminine voice for the noise of ungreased wheels. Could they but know it, and I were already revenged.

There they stood, as they had emerged from a cart which I saw at a short distance, the very vehicle I had heard, a clumsy, rough concern, though roomy, and drawn by a fine pair of horses—Ben Willet's bloods, I declare.

Annie Weldon, Lucy Stair, Miss Clintock, saucy Moll Putney, and—dare I believe my eyes?—yes, it must be—it is! Kate Huntly has left her city friends, to condescend to her country home again.

But who is this joining the group? Certainly a stranger. His face is handsome, but quite unfamiliar to me. Ah! he addresses the heiress, Kate Huntly. So, so—a city beau! And what is to become of Edward Vose, her betrothed?

Ha! ha! I am becoming a gossip of the first water. What are all their doings to me, pray?

They are beginning to skate this way. I will e'en set me down on this log, and take a bit of lunch. But in this attitude I could still see the skaters, and my eye, spell-bound, continued to follow Kate H. and the stranger.

The other girls were all mated, and shrieks, mirth and laughter seemed the order of the day. Some understood the art of skating well, and floated gracefully about, like so many white and black swans; others just learning, contributed much to the merriment of the scene. Lucy Stair, a blonde in blue, forms a pretty picture, as she daintily skims along, her fair curls floating on either side of her gentle face, and mingling with the feathers of her blue velvet cap.

Here comes Miss Clintock, spinster. What ever put it into her head to skate at this late day? Gracious! she will be down!—Down it is! No! thanks to Sam Erdly's strong arm, she still stands. Rather he than I—ha!

There goes Moll Putney, disdaining all support; and yet further in the background supposed Kate H. and her new admirer—she circling around, gliding before and sometimes beside him. They come on together.

"What a sweet skating dress!" exclaims Lucy Stair, with a half lisp. (I can hear their words now.)

"Yes, and she knows it," gasps Miss Clintock, out of breath with her exertions. "What does she ever think of but her dress and her locks?"

"Good morning, Miss Clintock," says a pleasant voice, and the subject of their remarks glides into harbor and drops curtsey.

I see a light and elegant figure, in a black velvet robe edged with fur, reaching to the high boot-tops, which are red, a black velvet cap, embroidered with red and gold, perched a little on one side of her head, a heavy red tassel falling from its centre, almost covering this shoulder, and partly shading the rich brown locks which lie so tenderly in their wealth beneath. Almond-shaped eyes, brown as her hair, fringed by lashes still darker—small, straight nose, exquisite mouth and teeth—it would have been difficult for me to have believed herself other than beautiful—for her glance told her as much whenever she looked in it; and now that exercise had added the richest rose to her cheek, no one could have denied the fact.

"Allow me to introduce Mr. Vernon, of N——," she continued. "We were just admiring your excellent skating, and hope you intend trying your skill again."

Ere Miss Clintock had recovered from the unexpected compliment, two little feet were set in motion again, and the pair passed on.

"What a fib!" says Mr. Vernon laughingly to his companion. "What a fib you told that ancient lady."

"To be sure," replies Kate; "but one cannot endure her crossness forever. I threw her a compliment, as one would a sop to Cerberus."

A light laugh, and the speakers are out of hearing.

"Pity Kate is such a flirt," says Miss Clintock. "She is a good-hearted girl after all."

Effect of the compliment.

"Kate is having a good time," suggests Moll Putney, coming up with a cavalier.

"Yes," replies Sam Erdly. "I call that going it pretty strong. I would not stand it if I were Vose."

"Pray, what would your highness do?" cries Miss Moll, saucily.

"Give the fair one her liberty at once and forever," replies Sam, hotly.

"And break your own heart," she retorts.

"Men die, and worms do feed on them—but not for love, fair lady," says Sam, with a mock ceremonious bow.

"By the by," says Annie Weldon, "where is Edward Vose. I thought he was to skate with us to-day."

"Perhaps he has gone to the lower cove, not knowing they are cutting ice there," replies Will Ellis.

"Very likely; from another—"

"There he comes now!" From all—"Ned, we were just wondering where you were."

"Went to the lower cove," responds a cheery voice; "but have found you at last. Where is Kate?"

"There she sails," cries Moll Putney, pointing to two figures in the distance. "She has a new lover, and does not want you; so put on your skates and escort me awhile."

Ned complies, and they strike out together. Moll is a neat skater. I watched them; they went in the direction of Kate and Mr. Vernon. On meeting, a slight nod of recognition passed between them, without either stopping. The skaters were all away from my quarters now, and I was wondering if I should get up and stretch my cramped limbs once more, when I saw the stranger and his companion coming towards me. Ere they had reached a point near enough for me to hear their conversation, however, Kate seemed to complain of weariness, and stopped, while Mr. Vernon flew to a heap of shawls lying at a distance, and bringing several, arranged them as a seat for her; there they remained for some minutes. Meanwhile I employed myself in skating.

In my observatory again.

There come Lucy Stair and Moll Putney, arm-in-arm, the latter talking vehemently.

"I give you this piece of advice," she exclaims as they draw near. "Never in the wildest devotion of friendship recommend your boarding-house to a person without some previous knowledge of them personally, or, unlike Abraham, who entertained angels unawares, you may provide for those of a very different character."

"Is she so exceedingly disagreeable?" asks Lucy.

"Disagreeable is nothing to what she is," answers the other impetuously; "hateful would better describe her—you know mother and I are obliged to board, well, to serve a friend, I got Miss Clintock a room at our house; but may I crack this foolish head of mine on the ice e'er I do such a crazy thing again."

"Oh," cries Lucy, "do look at Kate and Mr. Vernon; see he is actually taking her hand."

"Yes, but she has at once withdrawn it."

"How proud she looks, I wonder what they are talking of."

"The whole affair is most mysterious," says Moll, laughing, "and now quietly Ned takes it."

"Yes, I wonder he is not jealous."

"She would find it hard to make him so," said Moll; "or at anyrate it would be running a great risk, for I once heard him say that though coquettes had no power to make him jealous, yet were he given by the woman whom he loved real cause for such a feeling, it would be lost in the greater one of contempt and aversion. She is rising, let us go before they see us;" and away the two slide together.

Enter Kate, somewhat in advance of Mr. V., who has stopped to adjust his skate. Glances towards Edward, who is skating with Annie Weldon in the distance.

"Cold being! but he shall be jealous if I have the power to make him so." What a quivering of the upper lip. What flashing of the deep dark eyes. Why even the straightforward little nose seems ready to assist in her naughty purposes. "Ah! he looks up; he is leaving Annie, and coming this way at last. Verily, sir, you have taken your time about it." She makes a slight falling, a slight cry, "Oh, Mr. Vernon! thank you," as he catches her. Speak a look, it says more than her words. Edward must have seen it. They skate away from his advancing form. There they are; What is Vernon saying?

"I saved you from a slight fall but now—would mine be the name on those lips were your life in danger?"

"Whose but the name dearest to me," is the ambiguous reply, given with a downcast look.

It seems to satisfy Mr. Vernon. He rapturously raises the small gloved hand to his lips. Edward skates up from behind, and joins them, an introduction follows. If he is jealous he does not show it. He shakes hands with his rival most cordially.

"Kate, you are quite monopolizing Mr. Vernon, city beaux are prized according to their rarity here, and your friend must allow me the pleasure of presenting him to some of our country belles."

Mr. V. bows acquiescence, too polite to betray his chagrin at the suggestion, and the two gentlemen proceed to seek the other fair skaters.

PART THIRD.

Kate solus. "Such cool impudence! to take him off in that manner, just as one punishes a naughty child by removing its favorite plaything." Pouts—"I hate him!"

Edward returns. "Dear Kate, I should have joined you ere this, but did not like to seem bearish by claiming too much of your attention."

"No apologies, pray," (in a light tone.) "I have been most agreeably entertained."

"More so than at present, I fear."

"Your fears do your penetration infinite credit." (Scornfully.)

Edward, quietly. "Shall I seek your friend, and send him to take the place of your lover?"

"As you will," (coldly,) "my wishes have nothing to do with the matter, it seems. You took him away without consulting me, pray, recall him, should such be your imperial whim."

"Kate," said Edward, struggling to appear calm, "you are angry with me. Why is it? Surely of the two I am the most aggrieved, deprived of your society the whole morning by a comparative stranger; yet would I not have interrupted your intercourse, even when I did, but that I saw that you, led on by love of admiration, and (acknowledge it,) a mischievous wish to make me jealous, were giving hopes when there was no chance of success, and leading the man on to a most bitter disappointment."

"You are confident of the result then," (with a supercilious glance.)

"Have I not a right to be? Would you have me doubt the faith of my betrothed?"

"You are most provokingly sure of me. Was a woman never known to change her mind?"

"And have you changed yours, Kate? Say but the word, and however much it may cost me to give you up—you are free. I would hold no woman to her word if her heart went not with it."

He took her hand in both his as he spoke, and regarded her with a look of manly sorrow and tenderness.

Kate hesitated a moment ere replying, and I saw a tear glisten under the downcast lashes—but pride gained the victory over love—he was not jealous after all! Should she try her power further? All this was expressed by her manner ere she spoke. When she did at last open her lips, it was but to say coldly,

"Think what you choose, but pray detain me no longer, I shiver already from standing so long without exercise."

She had no need to withdraw her hand from his clasp—for Edward had released it at the first words she spoke; and now with a cold ceremonious bow, saw her depart.

PART FOURTH.

The lengthening shadows had already warned me to prepare for my long walk home, when my attention was again arrested by Kate and Vernon, who seemed to be making for the bend, (I wonder none of them noticed it before) yes they are certainly bound for the haven where I have taken shelter—here they come round the point—they do not see me—he is talking earnestly, she listening with a smile. Now she leaves him and skating backwards, but facing him, retreats from his rapid pursuit.

"You are mine!" he seems to say, as with outstretched arms he seems the tantalizing beauty.

No—she has evaded his touch by circling round him, and again he gives chase. Swiftly as a bird skims the air, glide her fairy skates over the gleaming ice, as she flies from the too pressing attentions of her new lover.

I hear the voices of others now, on their way to the new skating ground. I glide again at Kate Huntly—she is blushing her like form, with the grace of a deserter, a few paces from Mr. Vernon, an arch smile dimples her cheek, one little hand is upheld with his gaze to match him, as though deprecating his near approach, while her eyes but lure him to advance. Beautiful creature! I involuntarily murmur, and turn to look for the appearance of the remainder of the party.

A shriek! the terrified, agonized utterance of a female, Edward!! I start.

Good God! the air hole! she is under! and her companion the less disconcerted.

I rush to the spot, the others hasten after; a man rushes past me—life, or death, with her! he murmurs, and springs into the opening. Fortunately there is no strong current here, or the fate of the three would be sealed indeed.

Don't ask me how they were rescued. I only know that by aid of ropes, Edward and exertion, they were so. No one noticed me—I might have dropped from the clouds apparently, without any one thinking it strange, so absorbed were all in the rescue and reanimation of the two insensible forms on the ice.

"She is dead!" cried one. "No, I see her breathe," said another. "Feel her pulse!" "Raise her head!" from one and another.

"Shawls," cried I, and went in quest thereof, accompanied by some of the gentlemen of the party. Returning, we wrapped Miss H. carefully in their folds—whilst Mr. Vernon was equally well attended by others. Good thing for them, I had my small brandy flask with me—I wonder if they thought that came from above also.

Then Edward Vose, pale and exhausted, though he was, from his great exertions, took the loved burden in his arms, and proceeded towards the shore. I walked by his side, to relieve him, should his strength fail, but he would have no assistance. On the way Kate opened her eyes once, and fixed them upon Edward's face with a troubled look.

"You called on my name in your danger, dearest," he said, "you still love me."

No voice yet to answer, no little hands to caress, they were imprisoned beneath the folds of the huge shawl, so the eyes were obliged to answer for all, and they spoke so eloquently, that there was no need for words. Mr. Vose's strength appearing equal to the occasion after this, I concluded my company was not required, and fell back amongst the others.

Vernon was in the water a greater length of time than Kate, who was rescued almost immediately, and consequently he remained longer in a state of insensibility, they talked of taking him to the boarding-house where Moll Putney and his mother live, it is quieter than a hotel, and quiet he is likely to be for some days at least. There let us leave him—hoping Moll's merry gray eyes may work as great a cure on his deceived heart as his mother's attentions will on his now unconscious body.

I did not go with the party in the cart. I feared inquiries might be instituted as to my whereabouts during the day, which would be troublesome to answer—so struck across fields to the village; and thus ended my day on the ice—by me, and three others at least, never to be forgotten.

THE BIG TREES IN CALIFORNIA.

There has been considerable loose statistics in the press concerning the size and age of the mammoth trees in Tuolumne county, California. A letter from an eminent scientific gentleman, who has lately visited them, gives us some reliable information, which we condense. They are situated on high, cool territory, (5,000 feet above the sea level) and the spot is a favorite summer resort alike for this fact and to see the trees, and is much crowded in July and August. The big tree cut down,—and a fair specimen of the monsters,—is twenty-three feet in diameter where cut off six feet from the ground, and perfectly sound. Over this base a pavilion has been erected, and it makes a large and elegant saloon for dancing, social parties, and even literal stump speaking. A section of the upper part of the trunk makes the bed of a bowling alley. Our correspondent devoted the most of one day to counting the rings in the wood of the trunk, in order to ascertain exactly the age of the tree; and he found twelve hundred and fifty-five of them at thirty feet above the ground, as the tree stood. The outside layer of one hundred years of growth occupied but three inches, and the inner centuries from three to ten and even thirteen inches each. The rings denote the years of life or growth; and though it has been always claimed that these trees were three thousand years old, there has been no exact data for the assertion; and this examination proves that this individual one,—and probably as old as any,—was not more than twelve hundred and fifty-five years.

☞ The man deserving the name is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others rather than for himself; whose high purpose is adopted on just principles, and never abandoned while Heaven and earth affords means of accomplishing it. He is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a specious word, nor take an evil path to secure a real good purpose.

THE BRIDE IN HER NEW HOME.

BY MRS. STOWE.

[illegible] young people who [illegible] to keep house [illegible] or three servants, if they succeed in the female line the utmost success, with just such articles as in England [illegible] in Boston, New York, [illegible] and two women, where the [illegible] gets, china, crystal, and silver, [illegible] and the same style with [illegible] in America, where [illegible] expected to keep three first servants.

This want of servants is the cause [illegible] almost destroy everything in American [illegible] it, and will, if it continues, be a [illegible] in the life of a [illegible] courage for man and woman that [illegible] service are to only the [illegible] consumption higher. Nevertheless, we [illegible] classes are great travellers; we are [illegible] appreciative, fond of novelty, ready to [illegible] and incorporate into our own [illegible] seems fair and graceful in that of other [illegible]ple. Our women's wardrobes are [illegible] bounts with the thousand [illegible] French toilet—our houses filled with [illegible] and knick-knacks of which our [illegible] centery never dreamed. Cleopatra [illegible] set sail on the Nile in more state and [illegible] than that in which our young American bride is often ushered into her new home. Her wardrobe all gossamer lace and [illegible] frill and crimp and embroidery, her [illegible] museum of elegant and costly [illegible] and amid the whole collection of elegancies and fragilities, she, perhaps, the frailest.

Then comes the tug of war. The young wife becomes a mother, and while she is [illegible] tired to her chamber, blundering Biddy [illegible] the elegant knives, or takes off the [illegible] handles by soaking in hot water—the [illegible] is washed in greasy soap-suds, and [illegible] now and then with a thump, which [illegible] the nose of the teapot awry, or makes [illegible] handle assume an air of drunken [illegible]. The fragile china is chipped here and [illegible] around its edges with those minute [illegible] vexatious to a woman's soul; the [illegible] fly hither and thither in the wild [illegible] of Biddy's washing-day hurry, when [illegible] wants her to help hang out the [illegible]. Meanwhile, Bridget sweeps the parlor [illegible] a hard broom, and shakes out showers [illegible] ashes from the grate, forgetting to cover [illegible] damask lounges, and they directly look [illegible] rusty and time-worn as if they had [illegible] from an auction-store; and all together [illegible] in making such havoc of the delicate [illegible] and laces of the bridal outfit and baby [illegible]ette, that, when the poor young wife [illegible] out of her chamber after her nurse has [illegible] her, and, weakened and embarrassed with the demands of the new-comer, begins [illegible] look once more into the affairs of her little world, she is ready to sink with vexation and discouragement. Poor little princess! Her clothes are made as princesses wear them, her baby's clothes like a young duchess, her house furnished like a lord's, and [illegible] Bridget and Biddy and Polly to do the work of cook, scullery-maid, butler, footman, [illegible]dress, nursery-maid, house-maid, and lady's maid. Such is the array that in the Old Country would be deemed necessary to take care of an establishment got up like hers. Everything in it is *too fine*—not too fine to be pretty, not in bad taste in itself, but too fine for the situation, too fine for comfort or liberty.

What ensues in a house so furnished? The often, ceaseless fretting of the nerves, in the wife's despairing, conscientious efforts to keep things as they should be. There is no freedom in a house where things are too expensive and choice to be freely handled and easily replaced. Life becomes a series of petty embarrassments and restrictions, and nothing is always going wrong, and the man finds his fireside oppressive—the very articles of his parlor and table seem like so many temper-traps and spring-guns, threatening explosion and disaster.

There may be, indeed, the most perfect home-feeling, the utmost coziness and comfulness, in apartments crusted with gilding, carpeted with velvet, and upholstered with satin. I have seen such, where the home-like look and air of free use was as genuine as in a Western log-cabin; but this was in a range of princely income that made all these things as easy to be obtained or replaced as the most ordinary of our domestic furniture. But so long as articles must be shrouded from use, or used with fear and trembling, because their cost is above the general level of our means, we had better be without them, even though the most lucky of accidents may put their possession in our power.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

☞ A tribe of dwarfs has been found in Africa whose ears reach to the ground, and are so wide that, when they lie down, one ear serves as a mattress, the other as a covering! So says Petheric in his new work on "Central Africa," giving as his authority "an old negro who has been a great traveller."

☞ A Thin 'un.—An Irishman remarked to his companion, on observing a lady pass, "Pat, did you ever see so thin a woman as that?" "Thin," replied the other, "bless me, I seen a woman as thin as two of her put together, I have."

THE MARRIAGE VOW.

["For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death do us part, according to God's Holy Ordinance; and thereunto I plight thee my troth."—*Marriage Service of the Episcopal Church.*]

Speak it not lightly—'tis a holy thing,
A bond enduring through long distant years;
When joy o'er thine abode is hovering,
Or when thine eye is wet with bitterest tears,
Recorded by an angel's pen on high,
And must be questioned in Eternity.

Speak it not lightly—though the young and gay
Are thronging round thee now with tones of mirth;
Let not the holy promise of to-day
Fade like the clouds that with the morn have birth;
But ever bright and sacred may it be,
Stored in the treasure-cell of memory.

Life may not prove all sunshine—there will come
Dark hours for all; oh! will ye, when the night
Of sorrow gathers thickly round your home,
Live as ye did, in times when calm and bright
Seemed the sure path ye trod, untouched by care,
And deemed the future like the present—fair?

Eyes that now beam with health may yet grow dim,
And cheeks of rose forget their early glow;
Langor and pain assail each active limb,
And lay, perchance, some worshipped beauty low!
Then will ye gaze upon the altered brow,
And love as fondly, faithfully, as now?

Should Fortune frown on your defenceless head,
Should storms o'ertake your bark on Life's dark sea,
Fierce tempests rend the sails so gayly spread
When Hope her syren strain sang joyfully—
Will ye look up, though clouds your sky o'ercast,
And say—"*Together* we will bide the blast?"

Age with its silvery locks comes stealing on,
And brings the tottering step, the furrowed cheek;
The eye from whence each lustrous gleam has gone,
And the pale lip with accents low and weak;
Will ye then think upon your life's gay prime,
And smiling, bid Love triumph over Time?

Speak it not lightly—oh, beware, beware!
'Tis no vain promise, no unmeaning word—
Lo! men and angels list the faith ye swear,
And by the High and Holy One 'tis heard;
Oh, then kneel humbly at His altar now,
And pray for grace to keep your marriage vow.

LOST SIR MASSINGBERD.

CHAPTER V.

THE STATE BEDROOM.

Marmaduke had scarcely concluded his narration, when steps were heard in the passage. I daresay I turned pale at the thought of seeing the man of whom I had just heard such frightful things, for my companion observed, as if to reassure me:

"It is only Mr. Long."

"Are you quite sure?" said I.

Marmaduke smiled sadly.

"Do you think that I do not know my uncle's step? I should recognize it among a score of others. If he overtook me in a crowded street, I should feel that he was coming, and shudder as he passed beside me— Pray, come in, sir."

"Well," cried my tutor, entering, radiant with his good news, "no more moping at home, my lads; you are to be henceforth cavaliers—you are to scour the country. Boot and saddle!—boot and saddle! Your uncle will not trust me to get you a steed, Marmaduke; there are none good enough for you, it seems, at Crittenden; he is going to send to London for an animal worthy of you. But never mind, Peter; you shall have the best mount that can be got in Midshire, and we will pit the country nag against the town."

My tutor's voice revived me like a cordial; after the morbid horrors I had been listening to, his cheery talk was inexpressibly grateful, as the dawn and ordinary sounds of waking-life are welcome to one who has suffered from a nightmare.

"I was just about to show Meredith the Hall," said Marmaduke.

"Well, it is time that we should be at our work, like good boys," observed Mr. Long, consulting his watch; "but still, for one morning, it does not matter, if you would like to stay, Peter."

"I would rather go home, sir," cried I, with involuntary eagerness. I was sorry the next moment, even before I saw the pained expression of my young companion.

"He has had enough of Fairburn Hall already," said he bitterly. Then his face softened sadly, as though he would have said: "Am I not therefore to be pitied, who pass every day and night under this accursed roof?"

"Come," exclaimed Mr. Long gayly; "I do not believe Master Meredith in this new-born devotion to your books. Let us go over the house first. I will accompany you as cicerone, for I once knew every hole and corner of it—a great deal better, I will venture to affirm, than the heir himself here." With these words, he led the way into the passage.

"Every chamber on this floor is the facsimile of its neighbor," said Marmaduke; "since you have seen mine, you have seen all—an immense bed, a piece of carpet [illegible] amid a black sea of oak, a cupboard or two large enough to live in, and shepherdesses, with swains in ruffles, occupying the walls." There was, indeed, no appreciable difference in any of the rooms, except with regard to their aspect. "When I first came to Fairburn, I slept here," continued Marmaduke, as we entered an apartment looking to the north, "and had that long illness which you doubtless remember, sir. Heavens, what dreams I have had in this room! I have seen people standing by my bedside at night as clearly as I see you now. They called me delirious, but I believe I was stark mad."

"I remember it well," said Mr. Long, "although I did not recollect that you occupied this room. How was it that you came to change your quarters?"

"Oh, the doctor recommended the removal very strongly. Sir Massingberd said it was all nonsense about the look-out from my window, and that the north was as bad as the east for a boy in a fever; but he was obliged to give way. And I certainly benefited by the change. The Park is a much more cheerful sight than that forest of firs, and one is glad to see the sun, even when one cannot get out of doors. At all events, I had no such evil dreams."

"Yet this is what always used to be held the state-chamber," replied my tutor. "Charles I. occupied that bed while he was yet King; and before your ancestor, Sir Hugh, turned Puritan—a part he was very unfitted to play—it is said he used to swear through his nose. Peter the Great, too, is said to have passed a night here. Your dreams, therefore, should have been historical and noteworthy. I forget which of these smiling Phyllises is so complaisant as to make way when you would leave the room without using the door."

Two full-length female portraits were painted in panel, one on either side of the huge chimney-piece; a circlet of roses carved in oak surrounded each by way of frame. Mr. Long advanced towards the one on the right, and touched the bottom rose; it did not move. He went to the other, and did likewise; the rose revolved in his fingers, and presently, with a creak and a groan, the whole picture slid sideways over the wall, disclosing a narrow flight of wooden stairs.

"That is charming," cried I; "that is the *Mysteries of Udolpho* realized. Where does it lead to, Marmaduke?" There was no answer. Mr. Long and I looked round simultaneous. The lad was ghastly pale. He stared into the dusty, gaping aperture, as though it had been a grave's mouth.

"I do not know," he gasped with difficulty.

"Not know!" cried my tutor. "Do you mean to say that you have never been told of Jacob's Ladder? The foot of it is in the third bookcase on the left of the library door; the spring is somewhere in the index to *Josephus*. It is evident you never attempted to take down that interesting work, which in this case is solid wood. The idea of your not knowing that! And yet Sir Massingberd is so reticent; and, with the exception of Gilmore, the butler, I dare say nobody *does* know it now. It is twenty years ago since I made Phyllis move aside, to the astonishment of Mr. Clint, who came down here on business with poor Sir Wentworth. I daresay nobody has moved her since."

"Yes, yes," cried Marmaduke, passionately; "my uncle has moved her. Those visions were not dreams. I see it all now. He wanted to frighten me to death, or to make me mad. When I knew the door was fast locked, he would come and stand by my bedside, and stare at me. Cruel, cruel coward!"

"Hush, hush, Marmaduke; this is monstrous—this is impossible!" cried Mr. Long, endeavoring to pacify the boy, who was rocking himself to and fro in an agony of distress and rage. "See how you terrify Peter! Be calm, for Heaven's sake! Your uncle will hear you presently, and you know how he hates to be disturbed."

At the mention of his uncle, Marmaduke subdued his cries by a great effort, but he still sobbed and panted, as if for breath.

"Oh," moaned he, "consider how I came hither from my dead mother's arms to this man's home—my only living relative, my father's brother—and was taken ill here, a mere child; then this wretch, this demon, my host, my—— Oh, Mr. Long, could you conceive it even of a Heath? He came up to my lonely room by that secret way, and stood without speaking by my pillow, while I lay speechless, powerless, imagining myself to be out of my mind!"

"I do remember now," said my tutor, gravely, "how you harped upon that theme of your evil dreams, and how the doctor thought you were in reality losing your reason. Let us be thankful, however, that you were preserved from so sad a fate; you are no longer a child now; Sir Massingberd can frighten you no more, even if he had the wish. It was a wicked, hateful act, whatever was the motive. But let us forget it. In a few years, you will be of age; then you will leave the Hall; and in the meantime your uncle will [illegible] you no more. It will be his interest to make a friend of you. Even now, you see, he provides you with the means of enjoyment. You will ride out with your friend whenever you please; and I will take measures, so that you shall be there with us at the Rectory, and less at this melancholy place, which is totally unfit for you. Mr. Clint shall be spoken with, if necessary. Yes, yes," added Mr. Long, [illegible], "there must be a limit to the power of such a guardian; the Chancellor shall interfere, and Sir Massingberd be taught—"

"Nay, sir," cried Marmaduke in turn; "for Heaven's sake, let no complaint be made against my uncle upon my account; perhaps, as you say, I may now meet with better treatment. I will be patient. Say nothing of this, I pray you, Meredith. Mr. Long, you know—"

"Yes, I know all," interrupted my tutor with excitement. "You have a friend in me, Marmaduke, remember, who will stick by you. I have shut my eyes and my ears long enough, and perhaps too long. If things get worse with you, my lad, do not forget that you have a home at the Rectory. Once there, you will not return to this house again. I will give evidence myself; I will—"

"Thank you, thank you," replied Marmaduke hurriedly. "All will now be well, doubtless; but my uncle will wonder at your long delay—he will suspect something. I think it will be better if you left."

He led the way down the great staircase, throwing an involuntary glance over his shoulder, as we crossed the mouth of the dark passage leading to the baronet's room.

"This is a wretched welcome, Meredith; some day, perhaps, I may take your hand at this Hall door under different circumstances. Good-bye, good-bye."

And so we parted, between the two grim griffins.

"Peter," said my tutor gravely, as we went our way, "whatever you may think of what has passed to-day, say nothing. I am not so ignorant of the wrongs of that poor boy as I appear to be; but there is nothing for it but patience."

CHAPTER VI.

HEAD OVER HEELS.

I obeyed my tutor and my friends in keeping all I knew regarding Sir Massingberd to myself; but the knowledge weighed heavily upon my spirits for several days. Soon, however, my mind recovered its youthful elasticity. I began to think that Marmaduke's morbid disposition had perhaps exaggerated matters; that the baronet was not so black as was painted; that my friend would soon be his own master; and, in short, I laid all that flattering unction to my soul which is so abundant in the case of the misfortunes of others, and so difficult to be procured when the calamity is our own. Moreover, in a few days I was in possession of an excellent horse, and there is nothing more antagonistic to melancholy—especially when it is vicarious—as a good gallop. Nay, more, after a little, Marmaduke had a horse also. He came to call for me, that we should go out for a ride together the first day, and I shall not easily forget it. How handsome and happy he looked! as if the high-conditioned animal he bestrode had imparted to him some of his own fire and freedom, he wore scarcely any trace of his habitual depression. "This is our 4th of July," said he gayly; "my day of independence, as the Americans say!" It happened to be his birthday also—he was seventeen—so that all things conspired to make it a gala-day. My tutor, who was a judge of horseflesh, examined the new steed with great attention. "He is superb," said he, "and you sit him, Marmaduke, considering your scanty experience, like a young centaur. No one could imagine that your equestrianism had been heretofore limited to a keeper's pony; and, moreover, Oliver's ponies are not apt to be very high-couraged. But what a tight curb has this Bucephalus! He will not give you much trouble to hold him. So-ho, so-ho, my nag! Are you a hypocrite, then, that you need be so alarmed at being inspected?" The sleek bay plunged and curveted, so that my own sober brown began to dance in rivalry. "By-the-by," continued Mr. Long, as though a sudden thought had struck him, "I have occasion to visit Mr. Jervis of the farm at Staplehurst some day this week; if it is the same to you, let us go there to-day; it will be an object for your ride, while I shall have the pleasure of your company."

In a few minutes, my tutor's old white mare was brought round to the Rectory door by the gardener, who was groom and butler also, and we set out together at a foot's pace. Mr. Long never took his eyes off the bay, and therefore did not observe Sir Massingberd, who, with his huge arms resting on a gate by the roadside, watched us pass with a grim smile. "Well, parson," exclaimed he—and at the sound of his voice I perceived my tutor start in his saddle—"what think you of the little Londoner?"

"I cannot say at present, Sir Massingberd," returned my tutor with deliberation. "He is a beauty to look at; and if he has no vice, is a bargain at five-and-thirty pounds."

"Vice! Why should he have vice, man? A child might ride him, for that matter. I got him with the best of characters. But you'll never teach these lads to ride if you are always at their stirrup-leather, like this. Let them ride alone, and race together. Don't treat them like a brace of mollycoddles. Why, at their age, I could have backed any horse in Christendom without a saddle. I wonder you don't give Miss Marmaduke a leading-rein."

The color which had faded from the lad's cheeks returned to them again at this sneer; but Mr. Long only remarked:

"If you had had a leading-rein yourself, Sir Massingberd, at seventeen, it would have been a great deal better for you," and rode on without the least consciousness, as I believe, of having made any such observation.

When we had advanced about a mile, and had left the village quite behind us, my tutor expressed a wish to change horses with Marmaduke.

"I want to try his paces," said he, and certainly, if he had been a horse-breaker by profession, he could not have taken more pains with the animal. He trotted, he cantered, he galloped; he took him into a field, and over some fences; he forced him by a wind-mill in full work; and, in short, he left no means untried to test his temper. In the end, he expressed himself highly satisfied. "Really," said he, "Sir Massingberd has got you a first-rate steed, with plenty of courage, yet without vice; he makes me quite dissatisfied with my poor old mare."

The next day, and the next, we rode again without my tutor; and on the fourth day it was agreed that we should take an expedition as far as Crittenden, some ten miles away, where Mr. Long wished us to do some commissions for him. By this time Marmaduke was quite accustomed to his recent acquisition; enjoyed the exercise greatly; and since Sir Massingberd was much engaged with his guests, passed altogether more agreeable days. On the afternoon in question the Hall party were out shooting, and had taken with them all the stable's domestics except a raw lad who scarcely knew how to saddle a horse.

"I cannot think what is the matter this afternoon with 'Panther,'" (we so called his skittish animal,) exclaimed Marmaduke, as he rode up to the Rectory door. "I could scarcely get him to start from the yard, and he came here mostly upon his hind-legs. Is there anything wrong with his girths, think you? Ned did not know where to lay his hands on anything, and my uncle has taken William with him to 'mark.'"

"Nay," said I, "I see nothing the matter. We will soon take off his superfluous energy over Crittenden Common."

Long, however, before we reached that spot, we had had gallopping enough and to spare. Twice had Panther fairly taken the bit between his teeth, (as the romance-writers term it, and Heaven forbid that a mere sportsman should correct them,) and sped along the hard high-road at racing pace; and twice had Marmaduke, by patience and hard pulling, recovered the mastery, albeit with split gloves and blistered hands. It was not enjoyment to ride in this fashion, of course, and had it not been for the commissions which had been entrusted to us, it is probable that we should have returned home. It puzzled us beyond measure to account for the change of conduct in the bay. The difference was decided as that between a high-spirited child who requires, as we say, "careful treatment," and a vicious dwarf: heretofore, he had been frisky, now, he was positively fiendish. He shied and started, not only at every object on the roadside, but before he arrived at them. At the end of the high table-land, which is called Crittenden Common, and descends into the quiet little market town of the same name, there really was something to shy at. A gipsy encampment, with fire and caldron, and tethered donkey, which had been concealed in a hollow, came suddenly into view as we cantered by; an old crone, with a yellow handkerchief in lieu of a bonnet, and shading her beady eyes with her hand, watched with malicious enjoyment the struggle between man and horse which her own appearance had gone far to excite. In a very few moments, Marmaduke's already overtaxed muscles gave way, and the bay, maddened with resistance, and released from all control, rushed at headlong speed down the steep chalk-road that led by many a turn and zigzag into Crittenden. It was frightful to watch from the summit of this tamed precipice—this cliff compelled into a road—the descent of that doomed pair. No mule could be surer footed than was Panther, but the laws of gravitation had nevertheless to be obeyed. At the second turning, the bay, after one vain effort to follow the winding of the road, pitched, head first, down the grassy wall which everywhere separated the zigzags from one another; over and over rolled horse and rider to the hard road below, and there lay, their horrible and abnormal movements exchanged for a stony quiet. I jumped off my horse, and ran down the two steep slopes, which at another time I should have descended hand over hand. Yet on my way I had time to think with what sorrow this news would be received at Fairburn Rectory, with what joy at the Hall! Marmaduke's hand still held the rein, which I disentangled from it with feverish haste, [illegible], and glazed defiance from his glaring eyes, should seize and drag the [illegible], among the cruel stones. After what I had seen of his fall, I had scarcely a hope that he was alive. There was blood at his mouth, blood at his ears, blood everywhere upon the white and dazzling road. "Marmaduke, Marmaduke," cried I, "speak, speak, if it be but a single word! Great Heaven, he is dead!"

"Dead! no, not he," answered a hoarse, cracked voice at my ear. "He'll live to do a power of mischief yet to women and men. The devil would never suffer a Heath of Fairburn to die at his age."

"Woman," cried I, for it was the old gipsy crone, who had somehow transported herself to the spot with incredible speed, "for God sake, go for help! There is a house yonder among those trees."

"And why should I stir a foot," replied she fiercely, "for the child of a race that has ever treated me and mine as though we were dogs?"

"Because," said I, at a venture, "you have children yourself."

"You are right," exclaimed she, clasping her skinny hands together, and seating herself calmly on the turf. "It is well that you have mentioned my kith and kin. One lad is across the seas, and will never see the green lanes and breezy commons of England more; another lies caged in yonder jail—and both for taking the wild creatures of the earth and air, to which such men as Massingberd Heath lay claim; while my little sister—ah, my Sinamenta, my fair pearl!—may the lightning strike him in his wickedest hour! nay, let him perish, inch by inch, within reach of the aid that shall never come, ere the God of the Poor takes him into his hand!—Boy, you may talk to that flintstone, and it will rise up and get you help for that lad there—bonny as he is, and the bonnier the worse for them he sets his wilful eyes on—before you get this hand to wag a finger for him."

"Woman," said I, despairingly, "if you hate Massingberd Heath, and want to do him the worst service that lies in your power, flee, flee to that house and bid them save this boy's life, which alone stands between his beggared uncle and untold riches."

"Is it so?" cried the old woman rising up with an agility for which no one would have given her credit, and looking at me with furious eyes. "Is it indeed so, boy?"

"Yes, woman, upon my soul!"

Revenge accomplished what pity had failed to work. In an instant she was with me down by Marmaduke's side; from her pocket she produced a spirit flask in a leathern case, and applied it to his lips; after a painful attempt to swallow, he succeeded; his eyelids began tremulously to move, and the color to return to his pallid lips.

"Keep his head up," cried she, "and give him another drop of this, if assistance does not arrive within five minutes."

Before she had finished speaking she had lifted the latch of the gate that opened from the road into the grounds of the house in question, and in another instant I was alone—alone with what I believed to be a dying man, and surrounded with the blood that had flowed in a mingled stream from him and the dead horse, for Panther had ceased to move—alone with the recollections and anticipations scarcely less horrible than the visible scene; and yet, so strangely constituted is the human mind, that I could not forbear to glance with some sort of curiosity at the flask the gipsy had left with me, and to wonder exceedingly that its worn and tarnished top of silver bore upon it a facsimile of one of those identical griffins which guarded each side of the broad stone steps that led to Firburn Hall.

CHAPTER VII.

AT THE DOVECOT.

After an interval, which doubtless appeared much longer than it really was, there issued from the gate a groom and butler, bearing between them a small sofa, and accompanied by a young and lovely girl. The scene that presented itself was enough to shock persons even of strong nerves, and I hastily exclaimed: "The young lady had better not see this." But she came on nevertheless.

"I am not afraid of blood," said she, "and perhaps I may be of use." Then she directed her servants how to handle the wounded man; and when he was gently lifted on to the couch, she applied a handkerchief dipped in Eau-de-Cologne to his forehead, and walked by his side regulating the pace of his bearers, like some Miss Nightingale of a generation and a half ago. "Let him be placed in your master's room, James; and then take my pony, Thomas, and ride as fast as you can for Dr. Sitwell; and as you come back—but think of nothing but bringing the doctor first—call at the nursery-garden for your master; he said he should go there about those roses." And some other directions she gave, as the men moved on with their ghastly burden, like one who knew the value of time. Notwithstanding this [illegible]

[illegible]

So Marmaduke was carried along the gravel-drive, and across a [illegible] lawn, to the room in Mr. Gerard's house which was called the master's room, it being half a sleeping chamber, and half a library, which Lucy's father used both night and day. This was so evident from the appearance of the place, that when I had, with James's help, got Marmaduke to bed there, where he lay breathing heavily, but quite unconscious, I went to the young lady of the house, and expressed my apprehension that my poor friend, being in that apartment, would cause additional inconvenience in the household.

"I understand," said I, "that it is Mr. Gerard's room."

"Ah, sir," said she, with a glance of pride more becoming, if that were possible, than even her ordinary modest look, "you do not know my father. When I say that it will give him the greatest pleasure to find that his favorite room has been of service to your friend, I use a conventional phrase which literally expresses what he will feel. Please to forget that there is anybody in this house but yourselves; it is only right that sickness should be considered before health; though, alas! every room to those who are ill is but a hospital. This little drawing-room, which your glance tells me you think pretty, with its conservatory and fountain, and the rest, my poor young sister was very, very weary of before she died, on yonder sofa, after fourteen months of the gay prison."

Her voice trembled as she spoke, and I thought I detected in it that shade of bitterness with which some affectionate persons speak of the sufferings of those they love, as though they would almost arraign that Providence for unnecessary harshness which might inflict any misery upon themselves without evoking one impatient thought.

"Then you are left all alone here, Miss Gerard. With such a sad reminiscence, this spot must—"

"Alone!" interrupted she with astonishment. "What! when I have my father? See, he is coming through the shrubbery now, and Dr. Sitwell with him. Let us meet them. How glad I am that he has lost no time."

It was easy to distinguish the doctor, with his cane, his ruffles, and stiff professional appearance, a little impaired, however, by hot haste; moreover, his companion indicated him with his finger as we rapidly approached one another, exclaiming: "This is your man, young gentleman; don't waste one word on me at present."

So, rapidly detailing what had happened as we went, I took the man of physic to Marmaduke's bedside. As we entered the room, and first caught sight of his pale features distorted with pain, my companion stood for an instant aghast. "Great Heaven!" murmured he, "I thought the horse had trodden upon the poor lad's forehead; but now, I see it is an old scar."

"No," returned I; "it is not a scar; it is only a mark which in moments of pain or anger comes out more distinctly than at other times. All the Heath family have it. This is Mr. Marmaduke Heath, the nephew of Sir Massingberd."

"Indeed—indeed, sir!" exclaimed the doctor, with an accession of sympathy. "Dear me, how sad! What a fine property to risk losing at his time of life. But the eye, you see, gives us hope; the brain has suffered but slightly. He has not been sick, you say—not been sick—he has not been sick, sir."

It was the worthy doctor's habit to reiterate his last sentence in an arrogant manner, as though he had been contradicted on a matter of fact, while in reality his mind was entirely occupied by quite other thoughts. Thus at the present speaking, he was engaged in manipulating Marmaduke's head, and examining his ribs and limbs with the greatest attention. I waited for his verdict in anxious silence, and presently it was delivered.

"It is my opinion, sir, that the young man will live to be a baronet."

Life and Death, the immortalities of Heaven and Hell, were matters that had but small space in Doctor Sitwell's mind compared to this all-important futurity; he was

[illegible] to them in connection with the [illegible] and persons of no sort of [illegible]; but it was not every day in the week that a [illegible] of Marmaduke's [illegible] was [illegible] on his bed within the [illegible] professional orbit.

"Sir Massingberd Heath must be kept perfectly quiet; he must not be moved from [illegible] upon any consideration—it may be, for weeks. What science can do, through my [illegible] agency, shall be done for the young gentleman; but rest and quiet are essential. Sir Massingberd should be sent for [illegible]; the responsibility upon my shoulders would otherwise be too great. He will [illegible] to be by the bedside of his [illegible] nephew. You had better arrange with Mr. Gerard for this being done, as I [illegible] my round, to make, which to-day is all-important. The Hon. Mrs. Flinthert, widow of the late admiral, you know, she requires constant supervision; nature has to be supported; but for brandy, she must have sunk before this. Then Mr. Broadacres, who lives Fairburn way. By-the-by, that is a very curious case—— However, my post is here, of course, until my assistant arrives, who will remain in my absence. You may leave your friend now without the least anxiety. When he awakes to consciousness, you shall be sent for—you shall be sent for, &c."

Upon this, I returned to the drawing-room, to give a much more cheerful report of the patient's case than I had ventured to anticipate. I found our host issuing orders for his comfort and attendance, as though he had quite made up his mind to make him his guest for a lengthened period. A noble-looking gentleman he was, as like his daughter as an old man can be to a young girl. Harvey Gerard's face was wrinkled neither by years nor care, though marked here and there with those deep lines which indicate the Thinker—one whom the gods have placed above the drudgery of life, with a disposition to philosophize—a man among men rather than of them, who stands apart from the high-road somewhere half-way up the hill of Fortune, and watches the toilers above and below with a quiet but not cynical smile. "The news you bring me of our patient, Mr. Meredith," said he, "is most welcome; but I think we should still lose no time in communicating with his friends."

"That is also the opinion of Dr. Sitwell, sir; he, too, recommends that my poor friend's nearest relative should be sent for; but in circumstances of this kind, it would be wrong not to say at once that that relative and the invalid here are on the worst of terms, and that his coming would most certainly aggravate any bad symptoms, and retard his cure."

"I am sorry to hear," returned Mr. Gerard gravely, "that the young gentleman is not on good terms with his own flesh and blood; that is a bad sign."

"However that may be, sir, generally," replied I with warmth, "it is not so in this instance. Mr. Long, the Rector of Fairburn, and tutor to my friend, will certify to his being a most well-conducted and excellent youth. His uncle, however, Sir Massingberd Heath—"

"I will not have that person under my roof," interrupted Mr. Gerard, "under any circumstances whatsoever." This he said without the least trace of irritation, but with a firmness and decision which left me nothing to apprehend upon Marmaduke's account. Then turning to his daughter, as if in explanation, he added: "The man I speak of, my love, is a wicked ruffian—worse than any poor fellow who has ever dangled yonder outside of Crittenden Jail."

Miss Gerard did not answer except by a look of gentle remonstrance, which seemed to me to murmur: "But, dear papa, for all we know, this gentleman may be a friend of his."

I hastened, therefore, to observe with energy that Mr. Gerard's view of the baronet's character was a perfectly just one, as far as I knew, or, if anything, rather lenient. I recommended that Mr. Long should be apprised of what had happened, and that he should give Sir Massingberd to understand that while his nephew was receiving every attention at the Dovecot—for so I had learned the house was called—its doors were inexorably closed against himself. It was not a pleasant task to impose upon the good rector, but it was a necessary one; for, independently of Mr. Gerard's determination, I felt it was absolutely essential to Marmaduke's life that his uncle should be kept away from his bedside. If in health his presence terrified him, how much worse would it be for him in his prostrate and perilous condition! It was arranged, too, that I should remain to look after my sick friend, and the messenger was instructed to bring back with him all that we required from the Rectory and the Hall. Mr. Long arrived at the Dovecot late that same afternoon, in a state of great anxiety. He had come away almost on the instant after receiving the news of Marmaduke's mischance, and without seeing Sir Massingberd, who had not yet returned from shooting; but he had left a letter for him, explaining the circumstances as well as he could. "My only fear," said he, after visiting his pupil, who still lay in a lethargic slumber, "is that he will come down immediately, and insist on seeing his nephew; a desire that would appear to be natural enough to persons who are unacquainted with the circumstances."

"Nay," said I; "but surely he cannot do this in the face of Mr. Gerard's prohibition."

"Ah, my boy, you do not know Sir Massingberd yet," observed my tutor gravely; "he will come where and when he will."

"Nay," returned I; "but neither do you know Mr. Harvey Gerard. From what I have seen of that gentleman, he understands how to say 'No,' and to suit to the word the action. When the strong man armed keepeth his house, his goods, including his sick guest, are in peace."

"But when a stronger than he cometh," added the rector, shaking his head, "what then?"

"We will see," said I, "what will happen. It is plain, at all events, that our host is well aware of the sort of man with whom he has to deal. Mr. Gerard is a most pleasant person, and his daughter is charming beyond measure: they are for the most interesting people I have yet seen about Fairburn. How is it I have never heard any mention of them?"

"The Gerards have always lived a very retired life," returned my tutor. "The old gentleman entertains, it is said, some strange opinions. In fact, I have never met them myself but once, and that on some public occasion; so you must introduce me, Peter."

I had been watching for Mr. Long at the entrance-gate, and taken him straight into Marmaduke's room upon his arrival, so that he had seen neither our host nor hostess; and I thought it strange that my tutor did not speak of them with more enthusiasm, after their great kindness to Marmaduke; something evidently a little chilled his feelings towards them. When he and Mr. Gerard met, I thought there was more cordiality upon the part of the latter than of the former; the expression of Mr. Long's gratitude was earnest, but not genial. His admiration of Miss Lucy, although not to be concealed, was mitigated, as it seemed, by some sort of compassion; he regarded her with a shade of sadness. Boy as I was, it was evident to me that some antagonism existed between my host—for whom I naturally entertained most kindly feelings—and my respected tutor; and this troubled me more than I should have liked to say.

Miss Lucy presently left the drawing-room, and then I was continually appealed to by one or the other, on various trifling matters, as though they found a third party a relief to their conversation. At last Mr. Long requested me to narrate particularly the circumstances of Marmaduke's accident, and I did so, down to the period when I found him bleeding on the road.

"Well," observed my tutor, "I am totally at a loss to account for poor Panther's behaviour. I confess, upon the first day I saw him, I did not like the look of his eye; you remember, Peter, that I made Marmaduke exchange horses with me, and endeavored, by every means in my power, to find out the peculiarities of the animal. I wish Sir Massingberd had permitted me to choose a horse for his nephew myself, when I bought your honest brown."

"Sir Massingberd selected his nephew's horse himself, did he?" inquired Mr. Gerard, carelessly.

"Yes," replied my tutor; "he sent for him from town a few weeks ago. He was a mettlesome, frisky creature, it is true; but his curb was a very powerful one, and seemed quite sufficient to subdue him."

"Does Sir Massingberd himself ride when he is in the field?" observed our host. "He must be a great weight for a shooting-pony."

"Well, if you had asked me yesterday, I should have said he almost never rides; but it so happens that he did take the keeper's nag with him this morning. His great stables are all empty now, for, as probably you are aware, things are not kept up as they used to be at the Hall. Old Dobbin is the only representative of the magnificent stud that was once maintained there, now that Panther is dead. By-the-by, what has been done with him?"

"The carcass has been taken into the town," said Mr. Gerard. "He must have been a fine creature."

"His mouth, however, was of iron," said I. "Poor Marmaduke had no control over him whatever, at last; he had almost pulled his arms off."

"Notwithstanding the powerful bit?" observed Mr. Gerard.

"Yes," replied my tutor; "the bit was not only powerful, I should have almost called it cruel; but Sir Massingberd is a very good judge of all things belonging to a horse, and seems to have known that, at all events, no less was required. It was a town-made article, and came down from London with the animal."

"Ah, indeed," remarked Mr. Gerard. "But you have never told us, Mr. Meredith, how you managed to give the alarm here, without leaving your poor friend."

I am ashamed to say I had never given the old gipsy crone a thought from the moment that help arrived, although it was of her sending.

"The very woman whose appearance frightened the horse, repaired, as far as she could accomplish it, that mischief. She left in my hands, too, this fine old case-bottle, of which I should be sorry to rob her; and very curious is it that it has the Heath griffin, or some crest very like that, upon its stopper."

"It is the very crest," said the rector. "I am quite sure of that, although it is long since it last saw plate-powder. It is but too likely that the dark lady came wrongfully by it."

"Let us not be hasty to impute crime," observed Mr. Gerard, gravely. "This is a shooting-flask carried about the person; and gipsies are rarely pickpockets. When the owner is at home, it lies in some place of safety; and gipsies are not burglars."

"Ably reasoned," observed Mr. Long. "It may, however, have been a case of 'findings, keepings,' as the school-boys say. I should think the Zingari claimed for themselves all flotsam and jetsam."

"It is too heavy, and has too much bulk, not to have been missed by him who carried it as soon as it fell," continued Mr. Gerard, taking up the flask. "It has but very little spirit left in it—see—and yet how—"

Here the butler entered somewhat hurriedly, and was about to speak, when a figure brushed by him, and set him aside. The daylight was beginning to wane; but it was impossible to mistake that herculean form, and its irresistible motion, even if I had not heard the harsh decisive voice of Sir Massingberd saying: "By your leave, sirrah; but in this good company I will announce myself!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

FASHIONABLE APRONS.—Chenille, which is now applied to so many articles of the toilette, has at last found its way upon aprons, and those jaunty little garments which, while they preserve the front breadth of the dress, do not detract in the slightest degree from the smartness of their wearers, are trimmed with it. With white muslin dresses, wear aprons of the same color as the sash and other trimmings; thus, with a pink sash a pink glace apron, and with a Mexican-blue sash a Mexican-blue apron, &c. Black aprons are usually made of *gros grain*, are cut short with rounded corners, and many have latterly been trimmed with the flat-plaited chenille ornaments in several colors; these are sewn round the aprons, and at the top of the pockets, which run crosswise. Cord to correspond in color, with chenille tassels, are used to tie these aprons.

☞ ELECTRICAL MACHINES.—Adopting the supposition of two electrical fluids, the action of an electrical machine is as follows: When the cylinder rubs against the rubber, then the balance of two electricities, natural to all things, is disturbed. Negative electricity goes to the rubber, and of course attracts to itself positive electricity, which comes up from the earth—its great storehouse—along a conducting chain or wire. Positive electricity collects upon the prime conductor, and (the latter being insulated) cannot get away.

☞ A GOOD MAN'S WISH.—I freely confess to you that I would wish, when I lie down in my grave, some one in his manhood to stand over me and say: "There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young; no one knew it, but he aided me in the time of need; I owe what I am to him;" or else, to have some widow, with choking utterance, telling her children, "There is your friend and mine."

☞ A gentleman during the late frosty weather was surprised to see his little daughter bring home from the Sunday school library a grave treatise on "Backsliding." "My child," said he, "this is too old for you; you can't make anything of it. "I know it, papa," was the artless reply, "but I thought I could when I took it. I thought it would teach me how to slide backwards."—*Springfield Republican.*

☞ Graves's recent "Cruise in the Baltic," tells us:—"In Copenhagen every window is filled with pretty flower pots, in which roses, pinks and fuchsias seem to thrive to perfection. These beautiful plants give a neat effect to the fronts of the houses, and tell the passing stranger of the deeply rooted love of flowers which forms part of the national character of the Danes, as well as of the Swedes."

☞ An elephant's rations per day are three hundred pounds of hay and two bushels of oats, washed down with two barrels of water. His owner couldn't afford to keep him in rebeldom just now.

☞ The beautiful Marquise Doris, a lady equally well known in Italy and France, has just died, at the age of 20, from a disease brought on by constantly having flowers in her rooms.

☞ EARLY USE OF QUILLS IN WRITING.—An anecdote relates that Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths, being so illiterate that he could not write even the initials of his name, was provided with a plate of gold, through which the letters were cut, and this being placed on the paper, when his signature was required, he traced the letters with a quill.

☞ In "Sancho Panza," a comedy in three acts, by Dunfresi, the Duke says, at the beginning of the third act, "I begin to get tired of Sancho." "So do I," said a wag in the pit, taking his hat and walking out. This sealed the fate of the piece.

☞ PRECOCITY.—Boys that are philosophers at six years of age are generally blockheads at twenty-one. By forcing children you get so much into their heads, that they become cracked in order to hold it.

☞ The Western French Railway Company has introduced reserved third-class carriages for females.

THE PRETENDED COUNT.

One bright May morning in the year 1818, there was being held, in the Place Vendome, a review of the troops in garrison at Paris. A crowd of spectators surrounded the soldiers, and gazed at the brilliant uniforms of the officers, who, as is their wont on such occasions, moved busily about without appearing to notice the admiration of the spectators. Had they only deigned to cast a pitying glance on the gaping "civilians" they must have remarked that one of their number, the lieutenant-colonel of the 72d Legion, was obstinately watched by a miserable tatterdemalion, who had managed to wriggle into the front ranks of the crowd. Squalid, half-starved, loathingly, this pertinacious watcher might have been merely a beggar; but two minutes' examination of him would have convinced Vidocq, then at the head of the French police, that he was a convict at large. In fact Darius—so was our tattered friend called—if he were, as we might suppose from his name, a descendant of the royal house of the Achæmenidæ, had indeed fallen from his high estate; he had only just left Toulon after an imprisonment of twenty years for forgery. "It can't be," said Darius; "how could *he* be here, and in this company? Blazing with decorations, too—I'm mistaken." Yet still he watched the brilliant soldier as he walked proudly about. "Ah!" he said, presently, "I'm right after all; there's no mistaking the old nervous twitch. But what's he up to here?" Darius had no difficulty in learning from the bystanders all about the lieutenant-colonel; few men were better known in Paris than the Count de Sainte-Helene.

In 1808 Marshal Soult had received orders from Napoleon to march into Spain, with which country France had recently become at war. Men with a knowledge of the country were wanted, and when the Count de Sainte-Helene offered his services they were gladly accepted, for he had served as an officer in Spain, in party warfare, and with distinction, too, for he bore the decorations of Alcantara and of St. Vladimir, conferred on him for his bravery. He had, besides, shown to Soult papers on which he established his claim to his title, and which testified to his having seen service, not only in Spain, but also in America. Soult made him a major, and everywhere the respect due to their rank was paid to the count and countess—for the gallant soldier was married. He served well under Soult, and when the first restoration came he returned to France, and obtained a private audience of Louis XVIII. The king received with every mark of respect the last of an old and noble race; listened with sympathy to his account of his family and their misfortunes; and promised his lasting favor and protection. When Napoleon returned from Elba, the king retired to Gand, and among those who were faithful or discerning enough to follow him was the indefatigable count, whose devotion to the royal cause could as yet be paid only by promises of what should be done when the tyrant was once more driven out. At the end of the Hundred Days the king and his followers returned to Paris, and the count rejoined his wife, whom he had left in the capital. The king did not forget his promises; it was at his express desire that the count had been made lieutenant-colonel of the 72d legion. He lived with his countess in grand style, and was received into the highest society; he increased in favor with his royal master; was made a member of the legion of honor, and, at the time of our story, it was asserted that he was about to be named aid-de-camp to the Duke of Angouleme, the king's nephew.

This was what Darius might have learnt, had he had leisure to make full inquiry; but keeping his eye constantly on the officer, he lost not a moment in following him on his return home at the end of the review. But the convict was not satisfied with merely learning the address of the officer; following him closely, he entered the house almost at the same time with him. "Do you recognize me?" said he, as he stood face to face with the count in his drawing-room. Recognize *him!* And the question asked, too, in a way that implied long familiarity! No wonder that the count replied by a counter-question, scarcely polite, indeed: "Who's this fellow?" "I'm Darius," said the convict; "and we were in the same chain at Toulon. Do you know me now?" "The Count de Sainte-Helene has nothing to say to a scoundrel like you; get out of this directly, or I tell my footman to turn you out." "You're the scoundrel," says Darius. "Count, indeed! you're no more a count than I am. You're Peter Coignard—d'ye hear? Peter Coignard, I say, who got fourteen years for housebreaking!" Without further noticing Darius, the count rang a bell. "Mind what you're at," said Darius. "I don't want to hurt you, and I wouldn't have split. I'm hard up, and want a little help, that's all; but if you turn me out, you'll repent it." But a livery servant had entered, and on a sign from the count the tattered man with a royal name was bundled out of doors. Not at all disheartened with the result of his first attempt to enter polite society, Darius waits a few minutes to get himself together after his ejection, and then hastens off and asks to see the Minister of the Interior, on business of the greatest importance. His reception here was more polite; the minister listened aghast to the revelations of the convict; and, notwithstanding that he found, as men in office will sometimes find, that it was not in his department, he gave Darius an introduction to the governor of the military division, who in his turn heard the strange story, told with an earnestness which left no doubt of the good faith of the narrator. "What proofs have you?" at last asked the stern, upright old soldier, his face crimson with rage at the thought that a convict held high rank in his own honorable profession. "Keep me here, my general," replied Darius, "and fetch Coignard, and bring us face to face; but first of all, for Heaven's sake, give me something to eat. I haven't touched a morsel to-day." While Darius was despatching a hearty meal, under lock and key, an orderly was sent to the lieutenant-colonel with an invitation to betake himself to head-quarters.

"M. le Comte de Sainte-Helene," said the wrathful general, when the accused officer stood before him, still in full uniform, and displaying all his decorations, "you can no longer abuse the Government and myself; I have learnt who you are—Coignard, an escaped convict." Without in the least betraying himself, the count merely asked permission to return home, in order to fetch documents which would establish his identity. "One moment," said the general, and Darius was forthwith brought in. A slight embarrassment of manner betrayed the count's uneasiness at the turn things were taking, and when he began to load Darius with abuse, the general became convinced that the convict was right. Cutting short the warm dialogue which had begun, he ordered an officer to accompany the count to his house, and not to lose sight of him for a moment. When the house was reached the officer left his two gendarmes in the court-yard; and thrown off his guard by his prisoner, who had had time to regain all his audacity, he was imprudent enough to let him visit alone a room in which he said that his papers were kept. He went out with the same footman, who a short while before had thrust out Darius; in a few minutes he had quitted the house, passing unquestioned by the gendarmes, who merely observed a man in livery leave the house. The officer, who had served in Spain, soon found a topic on which to carry on an interesting conversation with the pretty countess, in whose company he had been left; but thinking, at last, that it was high time the count had found his papers, he opened the door of the room into which he had gone—it was empty.

"Where's your master?" he asked of the only servant he could find.

"He went out an hour ago," was the answer, "and by now is far enough off."

It was too true, and it was only some weeks afterwards that he was arrested in the company of some notorious scoundrels, to whom he had fled.

Was he really the Comte Pontis de Sainte-Helene, the noble emigre who had won back by his sword a position lost in troublous times, or was he the escaped convict that Darius asserted him to be? The question of his identity was quite set at rest by overwhelming proofs which were brought before the Court of Assizes of the Seine, and Coignard, together with Rosa Marcen, the ex-countess, and six accomplices, including his brother, the footman who had ejected Darius, were brought to trial.

An investigation of very many months had brought to light the past life of this extraordinary scoundrel. He was the son of a vine-dresser, and was himself brought up as a hatter, a trade which he had abandoned to enter the army of the Convention as a grenadier. His military career was, however, cut short by the discovery of several burglaries in which he had been engaged, and for which he was in 1800 sentenced to fourteen years hard labor. Two years only of this time had passed, when, in spite of every precaution, he managed to escape from Toulon. On the night following his escape he contrived to embark on a vessel bound to a Spanish port. He was set on shore, and at a town near the coast fell in with his future companion. This was a girl who had been in the service of the Count de Sainte-Helene, the last of an ancient and noble family who had left France at an early stage of the Revolution and had entered the Spanish service, in which he had afterwards gone to South America. Here he greatly distinguished himself by his courage and thorough uprightness; but his health gave way, and he returned to Spain, which he reached only to die far from his country and friends, and bereft of nearly all save his name and his sword; uncared for except by a single female servant who watched him in his last moments. To this girl the dying count left in gratitude the little he still possessed. Slender enough were the means of existence of the girl thus left alone. One by one she sold the objects which made up the count's legacy, and at the time that Coignard fell in with her all had gone except a little box of old parchments, which the count had often told her in his last illness were the most precious things he had. Discussing the means of raising money, the pair found that nothing remained to them but this casket, which a Jew had long wanted to buy of the girl. Before selling it, Coignard thought it would be as well to look at the contents. They were the dead count's patents of nobility, certificates of his having served [illegible] in Spain and America. The worthy pair left that part of Spain, [illegible] of the Count and Countess [illegible] Helene, and Coignard, as an exile [illegible] guidance but his sword, soon found employment in a country where a [illegible] seems a sort of charm.

We know in part what was the [illegible] quent life of this man, and have [illegible] he was in a fair way to reach the [illegible] honors, when the revelations of [illegible] low-convict toppled him down; [illegible] most singular part, perhaps, of his [illegible] mains to be noticed. As far as [illegible] learned, his conduct for a period of [illegible] after his escape from prison had [illegible] from crime, except of course an [illegible] assumption of a borrowed title; but [illegible] in Paris that his old course of guilt [illegible] run, and on his return to Paris [illegible] acquaintance with his former [illegible] His intelligence and boldness, and the social position he occupied, placed [illegible] turally at the head of an organized [illegible] which, next to himself, his countess and brother were the most distinguished [illegible] bers. Coignard, accompanied perhaps by his lady, would pay a visit to some [illegible] man, and would take advantage of a [illegible] momentary absence to get an impression of the locks of drawers in which he had some suspect that valuables were kept. A [illegible] would then be arranged by the [illegible] absence of the master of the house [illegible] be known to Coignard, and by him [illegible] to his associates, who in a twinkling [illegible] carry off all the plate in the house. On [illegible] morrow Coignard would call, sympathize, and offer his services in tracing the robbers. After a while he would declare to the [illegible] that he had made discoveries, and, [illegible] put them on a wrong scent, would be at liberty to plan a fresh enterprise. Others, again, had bitter reasons to recollect [illegible] of the countess, during which Alexander Coignard, the footman, would [illegible] study the weak points of the house, [illegible] which all the plate would disappear [illegible] after.

On his trial Coignard persisted in [illegible] his assumed name. To the president, [illegible] addressed him as simple Peter Coignard, [illegible] replied: "I have already had the honor to inform M. le President that my name is Pontis, and that I will not answer any questions addressed to Coignard; if death [illegible] me in the face, I would say the same thing." The president was obliged to give way, and thenceforth addressed him as "[illegible] soner." No doubt whatever was left [illegible] minds of the jury that they had before them Coignard the convict; he had in fact [illegible] unguarded moment betrayed himself [illegible] in prison. It was, however, fully proved that his conduct and courage while serving in Spain had been deserving of the highest praise, testimony which he supported by baring his breast before the audience, and showing them the scars with which it was furrowed. It was to these facts, and to a certain dignity in his manner, that he owed the merciful consideration of the jury. He had shot at an agent of police who tried to arrest him, but he was acquitted of the charge of attempted homicide, and after a trial of two days, was condemned to hard labor for life.

An immense crowd flocked to the [illegible] to witness the departure of the chain [illegible] which the felon whose daring fraud had brought him into the presence and favor of his sovereign, and in every town through which his road lay the same curiosity was excited. His arrival at Toulon, his old place of confinement, was hailed with enthusiasm by his old comrades. The ex-countess, who had been acquitted, followed him to Toulon, that she might still be near him in his captivity, and there she remained till he died at the end of a few years.

The previous dispersion of the old French nobility, and the unsettled state of affairs in France, go some way to explain the success of Coignard's fraud; but the social position which he reached, and the length of time during which he maintained it with perfect external propriety, place him perhaps at the head of all modern swindlers of this stamp.

☞ The rebels have made a chemical mixture which they call a "sneezing compound," which they inject into hiding places on board blockade runners in order to discover any individual who may be surreptitiously attempting to leave Jeff Davis's dominions.

☞ In Georgia they seem to have a law to prevent matrimony among the too old as well as the too young. The Legislature recently passed a bill for the relief of Caleb Webb, an old man seventy years of age, and allowing him to marry.

☞ The Pope gave a very angry reception to the fifty French soldiers who came to him, as is the annual custom, for blessings and medals. He asked them if they wanted to kill all the papal soldiers, and leave him a king without guards; but his good nature got the better of him, and he finally gave both blessing and medals to the down-cast red-breeches.

☞ Mr. Fechter, a London theatrical manager, has been wise enough to provide for colds, coughs, and other mortal ailments in his company, by having a duplicate actor and actress ready for every part in "Bel Demonio," the new sensation.

A Wound that Deserves Circulation.—[illegible] Major General [illegible] Nobody will have forgotten that the General was very severely wounded by a [illegible] ball [illegible] of the right wrist and hand, at the second battle of Bull Run. For a long time [illegible] amputation as the only security against mortification and death; but the General finally won the day against both the wound and the surgeons, and came out with a whole hand but a stiffened wrist. He now writes almost as well as ever with the wounded hand, but complains of a novel embarrassment when he goes to speak! Extempore speech-making, it seems, is with some so intimately associated with gesticulation, that to check the one is to embarrass the other. The General says that when, on returning to Congress, and resuming the old business of speech-making, he attempted to make a gesture, and found the stiffened limb interfered, the unexpected check constantly re-acted on the sentence, and broke it down; and he complains that even yet he finds it difficult to get on in talking without the aid of his right wrist.

Death of a Poetess.—We regret to learn the death of Adelaide Ann Proctor, the daughter of "Barry Cornwall," and the author of "Legends and Lyrics." Her poems, marked by a strongly religious and philanthropic spirit, have had a considerable circulation in this country. She was an earnest Roman Catholic, and literally gave her life to works of charity. The readers of her father's poems will remember the lines to the "golden-tressed Adelaide," written when she was a child, and when the last thought in his mind was that she would die a Catholic devotee, worn out by excessive devotion to her duties. The Athenæum says:—"On the private life of one so reserved as she was in every point of display (let the success be ever so flattering) it would be wrong to dwell. Suffice it to say, that the illness which conducted her to the grave had been long and wasting, submissively and cheerfully borne. Its approach (her health had been delicate from childhood) was, perhaps, accelerated by her earnest participation in what she conceived to be works of mercy and duty."

An Unlucky Maiden.—A Paris correspondent of the Chicago Times says there is in that city at this time a very lovely and charming young lady, who is destined to go through the world without being married. She is a dark beauty, with magnificent eyes, a glowing cheek, a lively expression, a graceful figure—in fact, altogether endowed with every attraction, even to that of having in her own right $500,000 and being an only daughter with the prospect of inheriting millions. This fair lady is now about twenty-six years old, and has been engaged to be married twelve times. Each time the seemingly fortunate lover has died within a few weeks of the time appointed for the nuptial ceremony. Yet no suspicions of dagger or bowl can be cast upon the fair one; a dark, mysterious fatality has carried them away. Several died of typhoid fever; one was killed in a duel; one was thrown from a horse; two were drowned; two were killed by railroad accidents, and one hung himself! The lady has survived all these shocks. Thirteen may be for her the fortunate, and not the fatal number. Who will try?

A Chattanooga letter writer tells of two members of the 78th Pennsylvania regiment who have taken possession of Lookout summit, erected a shed, hoisted up materials over a couple of ladders, and are now reaping an abundant harvest of greenbacks by taking pictures in this elevated locality. The soldiers crowd here in scores to cut hickory canes and grub the gnarled roots of the laurel for pipes, and, attracted by the novelty of the matter, cannot resist the temptation to have a picture of themselves. Accordingly they "strike an attitude" on the extreme verge of a cliff, twenty-two hundred feet above the level of the Tennessee, either defiant and warlike, or musing and abstracted, as their genius prompts, and the man of chemicals does them in "melainotype" for three dollars, and sells them a frame to put it in for five, and all in the short space of about ten minutes.

Claim Allowed for a Bad Harvest.—At the Sheriff's Court a claim for compensation was made in the case of Madame Andrew. The Metropolitan Railway Company, for £4,700, for the loss of the business of a chiropodist, in the Marylebone-road, through the obstructions caused by the works of the Underground Railway. According to the evidence of the claimant, she made £15 a week in the season of four months, by corn-cutting, and averaged £8 a week for the remainder of the year. For two years and more the works of the company had obstructed her business, and prevented her carriage people coming to her house. She in consequence became bankrupt. After some proceedings, the jury assessed the damages at £850.—*London Weekly.*

Snuff-takers Beware.—Lately a gentleman travelling through England entered a first class carriage, where he found a person already comfortably seated, who soon entered into conversation, and civilly offered his new acquaintance a pinch of snuff, which was accepted, but had no sooner entered his nostrils than it produced the effect of a powerful narcotic, of which the wary traveller soon took advantage by relieving his sleeping companion of fifteen thousand francs in bank notes, three thousand francs in other money, besides his watch, chain and ring, with which valuables, it is needless to say, he escaped undetected.

☞ We find in a list of centenarians in England that two-thirds of the whole number are women, attributable to their quietude and temperate habits. Very few bachelors or old maids live to be an hundred years old, and a centenarian is rarely, if ever, a rich man.

☞ A traveller, relating his adventures, told the company that he and his servant made fifty wild Arabs run, which, startling them, he observed that there was no great merit in that, "for," said he, "we ran, and they ran after us."

☞ When his Majesty, George IV., was in Edinburgh, and [illegible] held the levee, dressed, out of compliment to his northern subjects, in the garb of the Gael, it became a matter of etiquette discussion, whether or not it would be proper to hold the drawing-room in the same costume of plaid and kilt. The peeresses and other ladies held a council on the subject, at which opinions ran almost universally against this mode of adorning the royal person. It was observed, however, that Lady H—— had said nothing, and as she had great influence, her judgment was solicited. "Why," replied she, "I am sorry, ladies, to differ so much from all your sentiments; but it does appear to me that, as his majesty is to stay so short a while with us, we ought certainly to see as much of him as we can!"

☞ Not long since, an elderly woman entered a railroad car at one of the Ohio stations, and disturbed the passengers a good deal with complaints about a "most dreadful rheumatis" that she was troubled with. A gentleman present, who had himself been a severe sufferer with the same complaint, said to her—"Did you ever try electricity, madam? I tried it, and in the course of a short time it completely cured me." "Electricity," exclaimed the old lady—"y-e-s, I've tried it to my satisfaction. *I was struck with lightning* about a year ago, but it didn't do me a mossel o' good!"

☞ A physician having finished the amputation of a leg of one of his patients, a near relative of the latter took him aside, and said anxiously to him—"Doctor, do you think your patient will recover?" "Recover! there has never been the least shadow of a hope for him." "Then what was the use of making him suffer?" "Why, my dear fellow, could you brutally say to a sick man he is dying? *He must be amused a little!*"

☞ Moral Courage.—Without courage there cannot be truth, and without truth there can be no other virtue.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market has been extremely dull this week. The sales only reach about 8000 bbls Flour, in lots, part for export, at $6,25 for good superfine; $6,50@7 for extras, the latter for a selected brand; $6,75@7,50 for common and good extra family; $7,75@8 for high grade do, and fancy brands at $8,50@9 ℔ bbl, as in quality.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat continue light, with sales of about 25,000 bus, mostly prime Penna reds, at 160c in store, including fair at 155@158c, choice lots at 162@165c, and white in a small way at 165@190c for fair to prime. Rye is lower, and about 2000 bus sold, mostly at 130@132c. Corn is better and more active, with sales of 45,000 bus at 113@120c for yellow, and white at 111@115c. Oats are unsettled and lower, with sales of only about 20,000 bus to note at 83@85c for fair to prime quality. Of Barley sales of Canada are reported on terms kept private, and Barley Malt at 170c.

PROVISIONS—The market continues very bare of barreled meats; small sales of new Mess Pork at $22@22½, old do at $21@22; a lot of prime Mess sold at $22. Dressed Hogs are scarce, and worth $10¼@11 ℔ 100 lbs. Of Beef, we notice sales of 500 lbs Hams at $22, and 200 bbls Western Mess at $13½; city packed is quoted at $15@16 ℔ bbl. Bacon comes in slowly; Hams are selling in lots at 15@16½c for plain and fancy bagged, and 10½@10¾c for Shoulders; nothing doing in Sides. Green Meats—sales of Hams in pickle at 13¼@14c, the latter fancy; do in salt 11¼@12c, and Shoulders at 9¾@10c. Lard is scarce, and sales of 800 pkgs are reported at 14@14¼c for tcs and 15¼@16c for kegs. Butter continues scarce and high, prices ranging at 28@33c for good to prime Pennsylvania and Ohio, and 33@34c for New York state. Cheese is firmer, and worth 17@18c for common and choice dairies. Eggs are unsettled, and selling at 20@21c ℔ doz.

COTTON—The market has been dull; about 350 bales found buyers at 75 to 82c cash for low to good middling qualities.

ASHES continue steady.

BEESWAX meets with ready sale at 52@53c ℔ lb.

COAL—The market continues unsettled and very quiet.

COFFEE—Sales of 1200 bags Laguayra at 35@36c, and Rio at 33@36c, cash and time.

COPPER—Of Yellow Metal the sales are moderate at 36c for Sheets, and 37c, 6 mos, for Bolts.

FEATHERS meet with ready sale at 63@65c ℔ lb for good Western.

FRUIT is quiet. Apples sell as wanted at $3¼@3½, and Cranberries at $7@10 ℔ bbl. Of Dried Fruit the sales are moderate at 9@9½c for Apples; unpared Peaches are better and quoted at 15@17c ℔ lb; pared do continue scarce and high.

HAY is selling at $25@27 ℔ ton.

HEMP—The market for all kinds firm.

HOPS are unchanged at 27@28c.

IRON—The supply of all kinds is light. Sales of 2,000 tons Anthracite Pig Metal, in lots, at $49@50, cash, for the three numbers. Scotch Pig is worth $51@53 ℔ ton and firm. Blooms range at from $80 to $120 ℔ ton for common to prime. For Manufactured Iron there is a good inquiry.

LEAD is scarce and on the advance.

LUMBER—The market is firm, and White Pine Boards are held at $31@32 ℔ M.

MOLASSES—The stock is light. Sales of 500 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 55@65c, the latter for Muscovado, and 600 bbls New Orleans, part by auction, at 70@74c, cash and time.

PLASTER—Soft commands $5,50 ℔ ton.

RICE—Sales at 8¼@8½ ℔ lb.

SEEDS—The demand for both Clover and Timothy have fallen off; sales at $8@8,25 for good and choice lots, and $3,25@3,50 ℔ bus for the latter. Flaxseed is in steady request at $3,35 ℔ bus. Of Red Top 280 sacks sold at $3,12 ℔ sack.

SUGAR—The market is better; sales of 800 hhds at 13@14c for Cuba and 13¾@15¼c for New Orleans; 100 bbls Sugar-house at 12c, cash.

SPIRITS—There is very little doing. N. E. Rum sells as wanted at 105c. Whiskey continues unsettled and dull.

TALLOW is quiet within the range of 12¼@12¾c for city rendered.

TOBACCO—The demand for old leaf is good. Kentucky at 24@25c ℔ lb.

WOOL—There is very little demand; sales of 120,000 lbs at 73@80c for medium and fine fleece, cash.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1950 head. The prices realized from $9 to 15 ℔ 100 lbs. 200 Cows brought from $20 to 40 ℔ head. 5000 Sheep were sold at from 7¼ to 9 cents ℔ lb. 2000 Hogs at from $12 to 13 ℔ 100 lbs.

☞ The "surprise presentation" business has been run into the ground at Hartford by the burlesque presentation—duly reported in the papers—of a pair of [illegible] overalls and a clean shirt to the Irishman who sweeps and "does chores" at Colt's armory. All the formalities were gone through with, and letters from (a long way from) Old Abe, Mr. Chase, and Mr. Greeley, regretting their inability to be present. Chase said he "knew it would be a 'big thing,' and if he come he meant to fetch some greenbacks along." Some of the famous recipients of "surprise presentations" participated in the fun. The ceremonies came off at the Dutch Saloon, and wound up with a [illegible] dance.

☞ A London correspondent mentions that a discovery has been made in France, which will probably revolutionize the paper business. Excellent paper is manufactured from the wood of the oak, walnut, pine, chestnut, and various vegetables, without any addition of rags. A reduction in price of from 50 to 60 per cent. is predicted. Samples were exhibited and excited general attention.

☞ A recent African traveller has discovered that the King of Ashantee is limited in the number of his wives—being not allowed to marry more than 3,333.

☞ John Smith Fairly Beaten.—The Boston Directory contains 27 John Smiths to

26 John Dohertys,
31 Michael Sullivans,
31 Patrick Sullivans,
40 Thomas Sullivans, and
53 John Sullivans.

Even if Mrs. John Smith is counted, whose name there appears to be added, it only equals the Dohertys.

☞ Thackeray's Last.—I believe I can send you, perhaps, his last *jeu de mot*, characteristic of his quickness and classic taste. He happened to be, a day or two before his death, in the shop of one of our eminent jewellers. A friend entered, and without seeing Thackeray, asked the jeweller, "Is my oxide bracelet ready?" Thackeray walked up to him and made his presence known by laying his hand on his friend's shoulder, and half whispering—"I say, I hope it is *for an ox-eyed lady.*" I need scarcely remind you that "ox-eyed" is the favorite epithet of Homer to signify superlative beauty.—*Correspondent of Scotsman.*

☞ It is rumored that a company of Frenchmen has been formed in Chicago, for the purpose of catching all the rats possible, curing their skins and exporting them to Paris, to be used in the manufacture of gloves. For years, what is called "French kid" gloves have been made from the skins of these animals, caught in Paris and other parts of Europe, but the demand being greater than the supply, it has become necessary to extend the rat-catching arrangements to this country.

☞ A Protestant monastery, under the rules of St. Benedict, has been established in England. The institution numbers twelve monks, the leader among them being known as "Brother Ignatius." He is a preacher of powerful eloquence, and is now attempting to raise a large sum, by his lectures, to erect a hospital and school for his brotherhood. The movement is exciting much attention in England, and the low Churchmen have resorted to some rather unseemly measures in opposition to it.

☞ The Eastern Express Company own a horse in Portland whose upper lip is graced with a handsomely developed, dark, curly moustache.

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A GENUINE DISCOVERY.
A GENUINE DISCOVERY.

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2. It will make it grow on bald heads.
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Bronchial, or Asthmatic Affections, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Nervous Debility, Night Sweats, all Pulmonary Complaints. Its use is sure to bring health and strength to the weak and emaciated. Dr. Swayne's Compound [illegible] Prepared only by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, No. 330 North Sixth St., Philadelphia. [illegible]-ly

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Kingston Goddard, D. D., [illegible] to Miss [illegible], daughter of Wm. E. Schneider, Esq., both of this city.

On the 25th of Feb., by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. Richard Finch, to Miss Amanda Batton, both of this city.

On the 28th of Feb., by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. James B. Turner, of the 20th Pa. Cavalry, formerly of N. Carolina, to Miss Kate Love, of this city.

On the 3d of Jan., 1864, by J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. William H. Cress, to Miss Jennie Berkley, both of this city.

On the 29th of Dec., by the Rev. J. B. McCullough, Mr. Robert Cross, to Miss Maria V. Crown, both of this city.

On the 3d of Jan., by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, Mr. William H. Freas, to Miss Mary A. Bird, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, William B. Hart, in his 53d year.

On the 29th of Feb., Mrs. Melvina, wife of Gustavus C. Steinbach, in her 20th year.

In this city, on the 2d instant, Major Henry C. Whelan, of the 6th regt. of Pa. Cavalry, aged 30 years.

On the 1st instant, Mr. William Matthews, in his 64th year.

On the 1st instant, Margaret Blair, aged 70 years.

On the 29th of Feb., Sarah Bishop, in her 78th year.

On the 28th of Feb., Frederick W. Brenner, in his 50th year.

On the 29th of Feb., Mr. Robert Bradshaw, in his 37th year.

On the 1st instant, James P. Coulter, in his 39th year.

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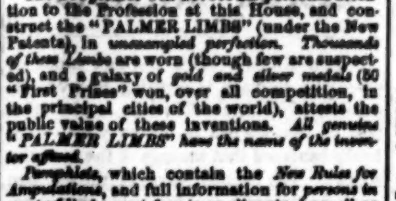

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WILLIAM RALSTON,
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Wholesale Druggists, Philadelphia.
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Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.
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Wit and Humor.

A TOUGH STORY.

Stephenson, a Sunday shopkeeper, was one day trying to sell Joe a pair of pegged boots. The old man gave the article offered a fair consideration, and decided not to purchase.

"Blind boots," said Stephenson.

"Yes, they also boots," said old Joe, "but I can't afford 'em."

"Why, they are as strong as any they make," said Stephenson, "only two dollars."

"Yes, only I don't keep any blind man," returned Joe.

"Blind man! what do you want of a blind man?" asked Stephenson.

"Well, I should want a blind man if I bought them boots," said Joe, his eye twinkling up with even a more comical leer than usual; "the last pair of boots I had pretty near ruined me."

"How was that?" asked Stephenson.

"Why," said Joe, "all the time I wore them boots, I had to take two men along with me with hammers, one on each side, to nail in the soles every time I lifted my foot."

The shoekeeper made no more efforts to sell boots to Joe.

Jock's Prayer Answered.—Once upon a time there resided in Forfarshire, Scotland, a half-witted sort of a man who had a notion that he was rather religious, and who was in the habit of saying his prayers in a field behind a turf-dyke. One day this individual was followed to his retirement by some evil disposed persons, who, screening themselves on the opposite side, prepared to listen to what he should say. Jock commenced his devotions, and amongst other things, expressed his conviction that he was a very great sinner, and that even were the turf-dyke at that moment to fall upon him, it would be no more than he deserved. No sooner had he said this when the persons on the opposite side pushed the dyke over upon him. Scrambling out from amongst the debris, Jock was heard saying, "Hech, sirs; it's an awfu' world this; a body cannot say a thing in joke but it's ta'en in earnest."—*Edinburgh Courant.*

Why He Was Rejected.—A few days since a recruiting agent carried a finely-proportioned man to the surgeon for examination, telling the man to return to the ward-room as soon as he had been passed. In due time the man arrived, bringing his own rejection. There was indignation among the recruiting committee, who immediately began to feel of the muscles of this splendid specimen of a man, and point out the beauties of his structure. Loud were the complaints and bitter their denunciations of Dr. H——, and what overt act they might have committed it would be impossible to tell, had not a bystander asked the man what cause the doctor gave for rejecting him.

"Well, I believe," says the man, "that he said I had the itch."

The ward-room was clear in a moment.

Large Feet.—A friend of ours, visiting a neighbor, found him disabled from having a horse step upon his foot. Hobbling out of the stable, the sufferer explained how it happened.

"I was standing here," said he, "and the horse brought his foot right down on mine."

Our friend looked at the injured member, which was of the No. 14 pattern, and said very quietly,

"Well the horse must step somewhere."

The Saw.—"I came for the saw, sir," said an urchin.

"What saucer?"

"Why, the saw, sir, that you borrowed."

"I borrowed no saucer."

"Sure you did, sir—borrowed our saw, sir."

"Be off; I never borrowed your saucer."

"But you did, sir,—there's the saw, sir, now, sir."

"Oh! you want the *saw!*"

THE WRONGS OF THE STOMACH.

A capital hit is the following, at the habit too many have of eating and drinking too much. It may serve to give some of us a valuable lesson on the subject:—

In most of the early literature is to be found a dialogue between the Body and the Soul, in which each accused the other of their mutual perdition, recapitulating the offences which have produced it. Something similar might be written with good effect, dividing the imaginary conversation between, let us say, the Stomach and the Man, making an attack of gout the subject of their recrimination. The Man might accuse the Stomach of having done its duty so badly that he is tormented with a burning fire in his extremities, which will neither let him eat, drink, walk, nor rest. The Stomach might plead justification, and say that she lighted the said fire as the only means of getting a moment's rest from an intolerable drudgery. Again, the Man might complain that he had lost all enjoyment of life, that his spirits were depressed, his mind gloomy, his appetite gone, his once fine muscular system reduced to flabby indolency; that his food did him more harm than good, so that it had become a misery to eat, and that every meal was followed by a leaden oppression which rendered life an insupportable burden. The Stomach, having listened to all this, delivered in a tone of mighty indignation, would reply:

"My case is just as bad as your own. Before I had well digested your breakfast, you gave me a meal luncheon to see to, and before I had got that out of the way you thrust a dinner upon me large enough for three stomachs. Not satisfied with that, you wound up the day with a supper, drenching me all the time with ale, wine, spirits, tea, coffee, rum, more wine, and more spirits, till I thought you had taken leave of your senses; and when I heard you groaning in your sleep, starting up every now and then as if apoplexy had broken into the house and was going to carry you off, I said to myself, 'Serve him right if it did.' And in this way you went on, year after year, treating all my remonstrances with contempt. I gave you headache after headache; I tried to recall you to reason with half-a-dozen attacks of influenza; gave you a bilious fever; made you smart with rheumatism; twinged you with gout till you roared. But all to no purpose. You went on making me digest till the work broke my back, and now I can digest no longer."

This reproach might be made even pathetic, by a description of the Stomach watching its hard task come down to it from the regions above between dinner and bed-time. First comes a plate of soup and bread, and a glass of sherry. "I can manage that," says the Stomach. Then a plate of fish, with more bread and more sherry. "And that," adds the Stomach, "though these sauces don't quite agree with me." Then comes beef or mutton, or both, and stout; then game and sherry; then a dish of tart. "Confound this pastry," says the Stomach; "it gives me more trouble than anything else; but if the matter will only stop here, I think, if I put out all my powers, I can even get this rubbish out of the way."

But she has hardly taken this hopeful view of the case, when down come cheese, celery, apples, oranges, nuts, figs, almonds and raisins, port, sherry, claret, and a tumbler of hot Hollands-and-water. "Good gracious! was there ever such a mess?" exclaims the Stomach. "What can the Man mean? Does he think one pair of hands can manage all this?"

Still the willing slave goes to work, when presently there is a rush of hot tea from above, with a thin slice of bread and butter. And when the Stomach, with infinite labor, has got the hodge-podge into some sort of homogeneous shape, and is preparing to take a nap after her exhaustion, lo! a devilled drumstick rushes into its laboratory, two devilled kidneys, a bottle of stout, and three tumblers of hot brandy and water!

How Climate Affects Character.

Observe the inhabitant of German Switzerland; everything is neat about his dwelling; his wells and springs are clean, his stacks of fodder and manure substantial, his folds comfortable, his garden trim. This spirit of order he carries with him into the administration of his family and into the public affairs of his village. The cultivators and laborers of the South of Europe, on the other hand, never subject themselves to fixed rule; in the winter, the washwomen pursue their avocations by night as well as by day. These people of the South retire within their houses only for slumber, which they take at the odd hours suiting them best; thus, to the man of the South, his house is never an indispensable thing, for he can exist comfortably wherever he finds the sun, a tree, and a spot unmolested by an enemy. But to vanquish the man of the North it is only necessary to obtain possession of his dwelling. In the South riches of the soil and a fine climate make the inhabitant not only wealthy in various products, but he has also leisure to bestow on their cultivation; in the North a narrow variety and climate which interdicts work during the months of winter prevent the inhabitant of that region from devoting himself to agricultural labor for much of the time that the Southern man gives to it. It is evident, then, says our author, that the system of agriculture in the North gives to the home-bound man leisure for thinking, and favors the growth of the intellect and the propagation of ideas; while in the South, broad sunshines and the senses in constant activity send the thoughts out into the world of realities and objective beauties.

Indifference to the future is a remarkable trait of the Southern character. How can precaution be generated in the climate producing a harvest almost every month in the year? It is as true to-day as when the author wrote that throughout Italy, for instance, it is customary to consume the whole day's provisions, even in hotels and well-regulated families, such a thing as laying in a stock of any articles is almost unknown; literally from hand to mouth is the manner of life. In the North, on the other side, the necessities of life and the means for providing for them are as far apart as if separated by an immense abyss during the season when the fountains of nature are sealed by the cold of winter. Accordingly, there is for the man of the North a season consecrated to forethought and reflection; the necessities of life stimulate his thinking faculties; he must construct houses for protection against coming cold, and must lay in supplies of food against the season of famine. In the South, continual crops, the unfading luxuriance of foliage and flowers, and her ever bountiful present, keep out of mind and out of sight the future.

A thirst for vengeance is also a prominent trait of the Southern character, as distinguished from that of the North, especially among the inferior classes. Vengeance is a passion peculiar to people roused by the imagination; the habit of being constantly face to face with external objects, without any compensating turning of the thoughts within, gives the senses a prodigious control, and consequently the passions which they call out. The self-control of an irritable man in the North is such that, in duels among the Norwegians, for instance, knife-blades of only a certain length were used, and each combatant held his weapon so as to inflict no deeper wound than that which the stipulated measurement of his blade would allow. It was said that no instances were known of this regulation having been violated, even in the heat of the contest. Perpetual resentment is, moreover, a distinguishing mark of the southern character. Memory but resuscitates our experiences. The remembered things of the imagination are stamped with passion; and the man of the North, drawing his feelings through his reason, becomes gradually quiet in thinking of the object of his rage. Thus time, which calms down the man of reflection, does but furnish fuel to the man of imagination. The man of the North turns his thoughts within himself, and reflects; the man of the South opens his whole soul and body to the external world, and feels. The man of the South will sooner attain a high degree of civilization than the man of the North, but the latter, advancing slowly, fixes himself on sure principles of reason. The man of the North, neglecting his education, degenerates faster than the man of the South; for the latter has always the education of the outward world and of the passions. In the South, civilization ebbs and flows rapidly; that of the North, based on principle, is slower in its march, but infinite in its flight.—*M. Bonstetten.*

Railway Porter.—"Dogs not allowed inside the cars, sir!"

Countryman.—"What, not a little pet terrier? Well, you'd better take him out then, young man!"

Useful Receipts.

Sauer Kraut.—This German mode of preparing cabbage is growing in favor, on account of its healthfulness. A physician tells us that its use in our navy has absolutely banished that scourge of the sea—the scurvy. The outside leaves of the cabbage must be removed, and the inside should, together with the stalk, be cut into small pieces, laid in a barrel with salt, carraway, whole pepper, and juniper berries strewn between each layer. The whole ought to be closely pressed down with a heavy weight for some days; fermentation takes place, and the greater portion of the acid juice must be drawn off, when the cask should be put in a cool spot, but during the time of fermentation it should stand in a warm cellar.

Gelantine of Turkey.—In providing a supper for either a small or a large party, the lady of the house often feels at a loss for *some piece de resistance* less plain than the solid cold joint, and of less frequent appearance than the everlasting cold chicken, and she will find few things answer her purpose better than a gelantine of turkey, for it unites the advantages of being *recherche,* exceedingly nice, and of giving little trouble either in eating or in carving. A fine large turkey should be chosen for the purpose. Let it be boned, taking care that the skin is not injured, draw the sinews of the legs, and remove the meat of the legs and of the breast, &c. Take fillet of veal and fat bacon equal in quantity to the meat of the turkey, season it with salt, spice, and fine herbs minced very small, and make a forcemeat by pounding it altogether in a mortar. Then extend the skin of the turkey on a fine linen cloth, and fill it by spreading a layer of the forcemeat an inch thick, then a layer of small slices of the meat of the turkey, then a layer of slices of tongue or ham, one of truffles, one of blanched almonds, pistachio nuts, and small gherkins. Continue to put in these layers successively until the skin is almost full, and finish with another layer of the forcemeat. Close the skin, and fasten it up so that the contents cannot escape, at the same time giving it a good form. Spread over it thin slices of bacon, and roll it in the cloth, which should be tied at the two ends and bound round outside so as to preserve the shape. It must then be cooked in the same manner as mentioned above for *La dinde en daube,* reducing and straining the jelly in the same way for serving round the turkey. It will take about four hours to cook, and of course is for eating cold.

A Curried Sweetbread.—Procure two sweetbreads, wash them well, and put them into a saucepan filled with boiling water and a pinch of salt, or if at hand, with some veal stock; let them simmer gently until tender, when lift them carefully with a spoon out of the water, and lay them aside until perfectly cold. After this, put them into a saucepan, and pour over them a gravy made in the following manner:—Fry the fourth part of an onion in butter, add this to as much beef or veal gravy as will cover the sweetbreads, and stir into it as much curry powder as will render it agreeable to the palate (it is impossible to give the exact proportion, as different curry powders vary in strength,) add 2 oz. of freshly-grated cocoanut, and let these stew together until the onion is soft, which will be in about twenty minutes. Strain the gravy and thicken it with butter and flour, pour it upon the sweetbreads, and leave them to simmer in it for twenty minutes or half an hour, according to the size of the sweetbread. A few minutes before dishing it, squeeze over it the juice of a lemon. Serve a dish of well-boiled rice with it. This forms an excellent *entree* at this season of the year.

Improved Buckwheat Pancakes.—"F. G." writes to the American Agriculturist:—"The finest, tenderest pancakes can be made by adding a little unbolted wheat (or Graham) flour to the buckwheat. Less than a quarter will do. Mix with cold sour milk, or fresh (not sweet) butter-milk, which is best. The soda, (emptyings are dispensed with,) when put into cold batter, will not act satisfactorily. Bake at once. The heat will start the effervescence, and as the paste rises it will bake, thus preventing it from falling. Hence the culminating point of lightness is attained. The batter rises snowy and beautiful, and the pancake will swell to almost undue dimensions, absolutely the lightest and tenderest that can be baked, with not a touch of acid. More salt, however, must be added than is usual, to counteract the too fresh taste when soda alone is used. Thus the bother of emptyings is all dispensed with. Pancakes in this way can be baked at any time, and on the shortest notice. We keep our flour mixed, the Graham with the buckwheat, ready for use."

☞ Slanders issuing from beautiful lips, are like spiders crawling from the blushing heart of a rose.

Agricultural.

KEEPING FOWLS IN LONDON.

Fowls are kept by working-men's wives dwelling in the small thoroughfares of the suburbs, and are allowed to roam the streets by day, returning to roost at night in back-kitchens or coal-cellars. They are found everywhere in the mews and livery-stables throughout the metropolis. Cabmen's wives keep them in the neighborhood of cab-stands, where they run about under the horses and peck the droppings from the nose-bags. Coffee-shop keepers confine them in cellars and back yards, feeding them cheaply from the fragments left by customers. Small tradesmen in the bye-streets keep them by hundreds, and, as a consequence, you may buy new-laid eggs in winter from hucksters, green-grocers, potato-dealers, coal-shed men, news-dealers, tobacconists, bakers, confectioners, tin-workers, shoe-makers, joiners, blacksmiths, wire-workers, and numbers of painstaking artificers besides, all of whom advertise them in their windows, and frequently sell them while yet warm from the nest. There is no part of London, either in city or suburbs, which is not tenanted by barn-door fowls; we have seen scores of them domiciled on roof-tops, where they have thriven for generations, sheltered by night between the attic ceiling and the slates; we have been roused at dawn by the crowing of the cock in Cheapside; we have heard the shrill alarm in Belgravia as well as in Wapping; and indeed wherever the sound of Bow-bells is heard, there also is heard about sunrise the voice of the "cock that crowed in the morn."

Butter in Winter.—How very difficult it is to find good butter in winter. Where one farmer makes an attractive article, one hundred give it to us white and tasteless. How is this? Why cannot a general mode be adopted by dairymen in manufacturing butter? We are assured by one who *does* make delicious butter in the midst of winter, that there is no solid reason why butter generally should not be good throughout the year. He says all that is needed is, first, to adopt his mode, and then to give it proper care and attention. If we remember correctly, this mode is as follows:—Every farmer should raise as many carrots as his milch cows will need throughout the winter, giving each such quantity as may be judged proper. This has an excellent effect upon the freshness and richness of the milk. Before churning, two or three middle-sized orange carrots are grated, the juice pressed out through a cloth; over the juice boiling water is poured, and then pressed through the cloth. To this add a pint of new milk, stir, and throw into the cream before churning. This juice is sufficient for ten or twelve pounds of butter. Made in this way, there is scarcely any difference either in color or flavor, between it and the best summer butter.

[We give the above, though we do not much like countenancing the adding of anything—however harmless—to the cream.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

Sheep Essential to Good Farming.—Lieut. Gov. Stanton, of Ohio, in a speech at the late Wool Growers' Convention, said in investigating the subject of levying duties on wool while he was in Congress, a few years ago, he found a very voluminous report made by a committee of the House of Lords in 1828, on the question of the growth and manufacture of wool in Great Britain, with the effect of duties of manufactured and unmanufactured wool imported into the kingdom. He says:—

"One thing that struck me very forcibly was that all farmers testified that sheep-raising was absolutely indispensable to successful farming; that their manure was necessary to preserve the fertility of the soil; and that without them the whole kingdom would in a few generations be reduced to utter barrenness and sterility. It is in this view that I regard sheep-raising in this country as more important to the ultimate and permanent prosperity of the country than on account of the present profits. Whatever else may happen, we cannot permit this virgin soil and these beautiful fields of ours to be reduced to barrenness by the time they pass into the hands of our children and grandchildren. Their fertility must be preserved at all hazards, even at the expense of present profit."

Chicken Lice.—A Missouri correspondent writes to the Country Gentleman:—"We were much troubled with lice on our chickens. Two years ago we put in their house and yard, boughs and twigs of *cedar* from the Christmas dressings of our church, (Prot. Episcopal,) and the lice have disappeared. Cedar twigs are plenty in most localities, and having proved a remedy with us, may with others. Whether it is necessary that they should first be used in the church, deponent saith not. The church is lighted with coal oil, and this may have had effect."

☞ In the restaurants at Copenhagen, (a recent traveller says,) I noticed soup-plates full of thick sour cream, piled one upon another in the windows. This is a national dish in Denmark, and is taken before dinner as soup.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 80 letters.

My 26, 54, 14, 26, 20, 63, 25, 4, 32, 36, is a town.

My 7, 41, 50, is something all have to do.

My 3, 20, 37, 53, 62, 57, is the name of a [illegible]

My 2, 62, 36, 9, 41, 32, 34, 3, 17, 45, 32, [illegible] 26, 7, 80, 3, 34, 66, 24, 77, is the name of a country.

My 14, 72, 62, 65, 57, 6, 76, 4, 78, is the name of a town.

My 55, 66, 67, 15, 78, 21, 51, 13, 61, [illegible] relation.

My 38, 30, 65, 13, 75, 5, is the name of an officer in our army.

My 1, 11, 59, 22, 44, 25, 62, 59, 60, [illegible] is the name of a state.

My 58, 56, 28, 35, 40, 10, 66, 34, 12, 18, is the name of a battle.

My 3, 68, 12, 34, 73, is the name of a [illegible]

My 19, 34, 70, 78, is the name of a large [illegible]

My 71, 48, 61, is a word sometimes used [illegible] of that.

My 25, 77, 38, means to spell.

My 53, 56, 73, 32, 72, 43, 29, is a [illegible]

My 42, 47, 36, 77, is a song.

My 39, 46, 62, 64 are letters of the alphabet.

My whole is the name of a general in the Union army. HARRY.

Covington, Ky.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in man but not in boy.
My 2d is in laughter but not in joy.
My 3d is in pen but not in ink.
My 4th is in yellow but not in pink.
My 5th is in old but not in young.
My 6th is in barrel but not in bung.
My 7th is in hope but not in fear.
My 8th is in month but not in year.
My 9th is in robber but not in thief.
My 10th is in joy but not in grief.
My 11th is in one but not in two.
My 12th is in many but not in few.
My 13th is in reap but not in sow.
My 14th is in stay but not in go.
My 15th is in frolic but not in fun.
My 16th is in pistol but not in gun.
My 17th is in second but not in third.
My whole is a name you all have heard.

Bentleysville, Pa. SHESH B. W[illegible]

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is a cage for birds.

My 2d is one of the timbers of a bridge.

My 3d is what most people dread as they grow old.

My whole is a slimy, moist, and [illegible] substance obtained from animal and vegetable matter, and is of great utility.

JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr.

Richmond Place, Cincinnati, Ohio.

TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The angles of a triangle are to each other as 1, 2 and 3, and the perpendicular from the greatest angle is 10 rods. Required the area of the triangle? RUEBEN BARTO.

Fredericksburg, Lebanon Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A cylindrical vessel full of water and closed at the top will just stand upon an inclined plane without falling over. If then a very small hole be made in the side at the lower point of the upper side of the vessel—Required the distance from the foot of the cylinder that the water will spout upon the plane, the height of the vessel being 40 feet, and the diameter of its base 30 inches? MORGAN STEVENS.

Round Grove, Scott Co., Iowa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why don't they take *Steppes* in Turkey for establishing insane hospitals? Ans.—Because there are *nomad* people to be found there.

☞ Why is hasty pudding like a [illegible] Ans.—Because it comes attended by its [illegible] (suit)? No: it is because the [illegible]

☞ The Flats.—A New York gentleman is responsible for the following:—What is the gender of the new land on the Boston [illegible] Bay? Feminine. Why? Because it is made (maid) land.

☞ Why do the recriminations of married couples resemble the sound of waves on the shore? Ans.—Because they are murmurs of the *tied.*

☞ What is everybody doing at the same time? Ans.—Growing older.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

ENIGMA—John Greenleaf Whittier. RIDDLE—Paper, ape, reap, pear. RIDDLE—[illegible] was-ea. ANAGRAMS—Oysters, merchant, repository, vegetable, sauce, chimney, [illegible] traitor, swine, portrait, Lexington.

Answers to D. E.'s PROBLEM, published Jan. 23d, South 18 degrees, 31 minutes East, Reuben Barto. 7 degrees, 43 minutes East of South, Gill Bates. South 8 degrees, 46 minutes East, Walter Severly.

Answer to PROBLEM by Morgan Stevens, same date, 144.00000 rods diameter. Walter Severly, Francis W. Hibbard, Reuben Barto, Gill Bates, and Artemas Martin. Morgan Stevens gives, as answer to this Problem [illegible] rods. The Question may not have been clearly stated.—*Ed. Riddler.*